

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

SAD evening primrose, with your silken stole  
Hung delicately sunward, what a soul  
Looks from your patient eye! how frail and  
pale

You stand among the flowerets! and your  
bowl  
Shows like a vanishing phantom of the  
grail.

Young buds that point a finger to the blue  
Crowd on your stem, and youth and hope are  
new,

While the sap runs; yet scarcely has the sun  
Warmed twice upon your petals ere their hue  
Fails into pallidness of death begun.

And strewn about the grass the blossoms hide  
The poor discolored fragments of their pride,  
Or hang disconsolate with dragged vest,  
And clinging, sodden cerements, to abide  
The gradual working of the Alkahest.

Was it for this you struggled into light?  
That one brief day should crown a tedious  
night?

Was it for this you felt your way along  
The paths of natural growth, that from their  
height  
Shrill death should echo in your triumph  
song?

It may be so. There are who say the bliss  
Requites the pain; yet could it be for this  
(God knows) you opened your sweet, pa-  
tient eyes

To see the sun's face once, and die in his kiss?  
For me — you bloom again in Paradise.

NINA FRANCES LAYARD.

Longman's Magazine.

## INADEQUACY.

THE haste, the bended knee, the cry  
With eager youth's ideal warm,  
The sad love in the Master's eye  
That followed the departing form:

Fine ardors quenched in caution cold,  
Pure dreams that never dawned again —  
A picture here, to thrill and hold  
The fleeting memory of men.

O weak and melancholy doom,  
To his young heart's bright festival  
To bid fair guests and not find room,  
For the most gracious guest of all:

To hail the Holy, greet the Just,  
To ask, and crave, and still not stay,  
Wistful and frank to almost trust,  
Yet pass to gilded want away!

O boundless misery, dismal fate  
Of minds that self but half subdue,  
To reach, of loftiest life, the gate,  
And valor lack to venture thro':

To cheat the infinite desire,  
To halt and falter near the goal,  
To kill the spirit's mounting fire,  
To save the shadow, lose the soul!

A story old, yet vital now  
The vision and the voice abide,  
A beckoning shape with star-bright brow  
Travels our paltry lives beside;

A voice that clear, persistent, low,  
Softly persuades, and lingers long,  
Breathes where the ghosts of beauty grow  
From color, music, marble, song;

Calls in blue morn's bird-echoing air,  
Murmurs amid the twilight pines,  
Whispers in sighing streams, and where  
The rosy globe of sunset shines;

Speaks from shy blooms in spring that blow,  
From the still stars that beam above,  
From lights in conquering eyes that glow,  
And the strange charm of woman's love.

For duty's self-forgetful pain,  
For stainless thought, for service high,  
Still pleads the urgent inward strain  
While one like God seems gliding by.

But we indifferent, deaf, and blind,  
In mean, contented ways drift on —  
Some moment we shall start to find  
The voice hushed, and the pilot gone.  
Spectator. JOSEPH TRUMAN.

## "SOLVITUR ACRIS HYEMS."

To Dorothy.

THE swelling woods with songs of birds ring  
clear;

The earth relents, and shows another face;  
The lawns are cloth'd, the flowers reappear;  
When surly winter to the spring gives place.

No more the frost lies white upon the fields;  
Rich scents and sounds come floating down  
the breeze;

Carpets of blossom every orchard yields;  
Gardens are drowsy with the hum of bees.

So sang my best loved poets long ago,  
Horace and Virgil, of their happier day,  
Their southern world. Ah me! our springs  
are slow,

They tease us, and they loiter by the way.

Spring mocks us now with many a golden hour  
Of sun and growth, half shown, then snatch'd  
from view;

And we are left again in winter's power:  
But still, dear Dorothy, it gives us you,

A matchless gift. The wild, capricious time,  
Thus giving, is forgiven: and I would make  
In praise of spring, as poets us'd, a rhyme,  
To say how well I love it, for your sake.

Academy.

A. G.

From The National Review.  
THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

If you had wished to reconcile a red Republican to the existence of a hereditary nobility, you could not have done better than introduce him to Lord Albemarle. He was one of the most charming examples of a gentleman of the old school it has been my good fortune to meet—"a good old English gentleman, all of the ancient time." In person he was slight, and of medium height, with fine features, blue eyes, and a winning smile. His manners were dignified, unaffected, and courteous, without the smallest approach to stiffness, pomposity, or self-assertion. His politeness was that of a good heart, though the outward guise of it may have owed something to inherited high-breeding, and native charm; with him it was no mere veneer of politeness assumed by some Chesterfield or Horace Walpole, so superficial that it easily turns to vulgar insolence in the presence of those counted inferior, and on very slight provocation. Scratch the gentleman, and you too often find the cad. But Lord Albemarle was a man also of scrupulous honor and integrity; his was a very chivalrous nature—as all would understand clearly, if it were proper for me to tell a characteristic anecdote relating to his life at court. He was tenderly considerate of the feelings of others; and though in early manhood he had been proud and impetuous, displaying some of that irritability of temper which often accompanies a sensitive and very affectionate heart, in later life this toned itself down to a gentle serenity. He was fastidious, and easily pleased, or ruffled, by the manner of others towards him; witty and humorous too; in his best days he had been the prince of good fellows, and of boon companions, accustomed to "set the table in a roar" by his amusing stories, in which, I believe, there was never a spice of malice—all bubbled over from a spring of innocent mirth within. In later manhood he combined culture and a certain love of literature rather remarkably with the tastes and pursuits of a man of action; thus recalling in some measure the Elizabethan age, when our upper class, though quite as

active, was less exclusively barbaric, athletic, and frivolous than now; though, indeed, a few members of it may be credited with a certain interest in such political tidings as the daily newspaper may supply. Young Keppel's master at Westminster, however, had recommended his father to renounce the project of making him a lawyer, and advised the choice of a more active profession. This was after sundry floggings for neglect of lessons, from which the intercession of his playmate, Princess Charlotte, had quite failed to save him, and after the episode which caused his removal from the school, it having been discovered that the boy was in the habit of climbing over a wall and down a lamp-post or rope ladder in order to go to the play at night, leaving a dummy in bed to represent him. After this his family made him a soldier. But in later life he combined a taste for reading in many different literatures with the usual pursuits of an English country gentleman, and indeed became quite an accomplished linguist, with marked delight in, and aptitude for, learning languages. Although he never made pretensions to accurate scholarship, philology was a favorite study. In English, the poets he cared for were Shakespeare and Byron. He read Italian, which he learned when quartered in the Ionian Islands as a youth, German (he was particularly fond of Schiller), French, Persian (he knew enough of it to enter into a long conversation with the shah when the latter visited England), and Hindustani. Till nearly ninety, his eyesight remaining good, and his faculties unimpaired, he read books in most of those languages.

Lord Albemarle was born June 13, 1799, and died February 21, 1891; so that at the time of his death he was in his ninety-second year. He came of a distinguished Dutch noble family; and an interesting account of some historic incidents, in which his forefathers took part, especially of famous battles, is contained in the first volume of Lord Albemarle's "Fifty Years"—as also of their later exploits in England. Arnold Joost-Van Keppel accompanied William of Orange to this country in the year 1688, and was

created Earl of Albemarle for his services. (The title is derived from the town of Aumale in France, the same which gives one to the Bourbon Duke; and our own Monk of the Restoration had been Duke of Albemarle.) This gallant, talented, and handsome Keppel stood high in the favor of William.

I had not the privilege and pleasure of knowing the late lord till he was between eighty and ninety, when I met him at the house of my cousin, Mr. Ernest Noel, who had married his daughter, Lady Augusta Keppel. He was then living with them, either at his own house in Portman Square (where he died) or during some months of the year at their country residence, Lydhurst, near Hayward's Heath, in Sussex. His memory when I first met him, was still fresh as that of a boy; and to hear him talk of past times—to hear him, for example, recount eagerly, and with boyish freshness, his recollections of the battle of Waterloo—was a most interesting experience. He seemed to remember the incidents of yesterday and of middle age as well as he remembered those of youth, and such a continuously illuminated memory is rare. Nearly up to the last he took a keen interest in politics, although he ceased to take an active part in them when, succeeding to the title, he devoted himself to the duties of a country gentleman, and to the management of his estate in Norfolk. This had been left to him much encumbered by his father; so he devoted years of patient assiduity and self-denying exertion to clearing it as far as possible of debt, and handing it down unembarrassed to his successor. For though "a Whig of the sixth generation," as he used to say, indeed a convinced Liberal, he yet retained a kind of feudal feeling concerning old family properties, and the desirableness of their remaining in the hands of their original possessors. One of his daughter's earliest recollections of her father, is of his taking her through the beautiful woods of their old home, Quidenham, and marking for the axe one noble tree after another, now and again exclaiming, sometimes with tears in his eyes, as he paused before a venerable patriarch of

the forest, "Ah! he too must go!" Such was his feeling (as of personal attachment) to all the ancient trees on the estate. He had been familiar with them from boyhood; under their roof of greenery he had played with brother and sister, and in manhood he affectionately regarded them at all seasons of the year. Yet hard and conscientiously as he toiled, even sacrificing through long periods cherished inclinations and projects to secure an end, which to him appeared worthy of all effort and renunciation, he was destined to suffer deep disappointment, unforeseen circumstance baffling him at last; and Quidenham was sold. But one is glad to know that eventually the fates relented; and much to the old man's satisfaction, the estate was bought by Lord Egerton for his daughter, who had married Lord Albemarle's eldest grandson, the present Lord Bury, so that the family place came again to the Keppels. For the rest, Lord Albemarle in his Norfolk home was a keen sportsman, a bold rider, and an excellent landlord, cultivating very friendly relations with his tenantry, so that his memory is dearly cherished by them to this day. A farmer lately told his daughter he had never heard a single person speak an ill word about him; and that is much to say.

When Lord Albemarle was an old man, living in Portman Square, it became a custom for his friends to visit him on the anniversary of Waterloo—among them the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Gladstone, and Robert Brown— he being one of the very few surviving officers who could remember that great day; one, moreover, who had gained the good-will and respect of all who knew him. This visit of friends to Lord Albemarle grew and grew till it assumed quite the proportions and appearance of a *levee*. His unassuming, gracious manner on these occasions, so gratifying to himself, will long be remembered. The account he has given in his autobiography of his Waterloo recollections is very graphic, although he did not begin to write that book till he was seventy. But his memory had remained, as I have already observed, wonderfully accurate. So



clear was the account he gave in his old age of his memorable experience, that his daughter and her husband, visiting the spot by themselves, were able at once to recognize the exact locality on the hillside where he had described himself as sleeping soundly, wearied out with the long march, on the eve of the battle, the floods of rain having turned the slope where he lay into a very mountain torrent.

What a vivid word-picture he has drawn in his autobiography! "We were now ordered to lie down. Our square, hardly large enough to hold us when standing upright, was too small for us in a recumbent position. Our men lay packed together like herrings in a barrel. Not finding a vacant spot, I seated myself on a drum. Behind me was the colonel's charger, which, with his head pressed against mine, was mumbling my epaulette, while I patted his cheek. Suddenly my drum capsized, and I was thrown prostrate, with the feeling of a blow on the right cheek. I put my hand to my head, thinking half my face was shot away; but the skin was not even abraded. A piece of shell had struck the horse on the nose exactly between my hand and my head, and killed him instantly. The blow I received was from the embossed crown on the horse's bit."

In General Colville's order it was recorded that "the very young battalion of the 14th"—Lord Albemarle's, in which almost all the officers and men were mere boys; so much so that had not their colonel protested, they would have been sent to garrison Antwerp, and missed the battle—"displayed a gallantry and steadiness becoming veteran troops." In his memoirs Lord Albemarle then tells us of the march on Paris, which he entered barefooted and in rags; as also of his adventures by the way. But he does not tell us there his opinion of the strategy of Wellington at Waterloo, which, though fully admitting that the duke was a great general, he considered very far from admirable.

There may, therefore, have been a good deal, after all, in Napoleon's assertion that, by all the rules of war, Waterloo was won by him. Too much credit, moreover,

Lord Albemarle always thought, has been given to the Guards for their part in the victory. He was often urged, among others by Lord Wolseley, to write down his views on these matters, but with his characteristic kindness he forebore, fearing to give pain to some of his old friends. Waterloo, however, he maintained was essentially a soldiers', rather than a general's, victory; the steadiness and dogged determination of our troops had been then, as so often before and afterwards, beyond praise. Yet, of course, confidence in their general could not fail to count for much. Then, a circumstance greatly in our favor was Napoleon's delay in giving the signal for action. Lord Albemarle always wondered at this, as others have done, and was not satisfied with the emperor's own explanation, given at St. Helena, that the rain had prevented him bringing his guns into position. He found the solution of the mystery in the "Memoirs of the Count de Ségur," by which it appears that for several years Napoleon had been the victim of a painful malady, which, during its paroxysms, prostrated the energies alike of his mind and body. And, as regards Waterloo, his general of division and chief of the staff relate that while the battle was raging they saw him seated at a table placed on the field, his head, overcome by sleep, sinking down upon the map before his heavy eyes. General Gudin, who had been the emperor's page of honor, told Lord Bury (the present Lord Albemarle) that, whereas Napoleon had ordered his horses to be ready at seven in the morning, it was nearly noon before he descended the ladder that led to the sleeping-room and rode away. Before this the grand écuyer had come down to the assembled staff, and told them that the emperor was in his room, and seated in a pondering attitude, which forbade question or interruption. This is curious when one remembers how some portion of those later disasters to the French army that culminated in Sedan may also fairly be attributed to the painful illness from which the third Napoleon suffered. But Gudin told Lord Bury a pretty anecdote about Napoleon, the substance of which, in the midst of so much Napoleonic disillusion wrought by

Lanfrey and other writers, may well be placed to his credit—along with that other incident of his life at St. Helena when he said to the governor's wife, irate because one carrying a heavy load did not make way for them while walking, "Madame, respect the burden!"—Gudin was helping him to mount, and did it awkwardly. "Petit imbécile," exclaimed the emperor, "va-t-en à tous les diables!" and rode off, leaving the unlucky page, overwhelmed with confusion, to mount and ride sadly in the rear. But they had ridden only a few hundred yards when Gudin saw the staff open right and left, and the emperor came riding back. "Mon enfant," said he, putting his hand kindly on the lad's shoulder, "quand vous aidez un homme de ma taille à monter, il faut le faire doucement!" The recollection of his kindness at such a moment in thinking of a boy's feelings brought tears into the old general's eyes as he told the story. As to Sir Hudson Lowe's alleged ill-treatment of his illustrious prisoner, Lord Albemarle said he believed that, though the extent of it may have been exaggerated, there was truth in the charges made; for in the Ionian Islands he heard officers who had served under Lowe speak of him as a man of churlish manners and an irritable, overbearing temper, while he added that Cruikshank's sketch of Ralph Nickleby in Dickens's novel forcibly recalled Sir Hudson to his mind—the large head and small body, the beetle brow, the shaggy, projecting eyebrows, the forbidding scowl on the countenance.

It appears that the troops had a very cold reception on their return from Belgium. The victors of Waterloo were not greeted with cheers, as were the soldiers who landed from the Crimea in our own day. "If we had been convicts," says Lord Albemarle, "disembarking from a hulk, we could hardly have met with less consideration. 'It's us as pays them chaps,' was the remark of a country bumpkin as our men came ashore on a bitter winter's day. The only persons who took any notice of us were the custom house officers; and they kept us for hours under arms in the cold, while they subjected us to a rigid search." In the evening the heroes were ordered to Dover Castle—cold, dark, and dungeon-like. There was hardly any food to be had. On this bitter winter's night, the first of their return from campaigning, our Waterloo heroes lay on a bed of straw. Shortly afterwards George Keppel's regiment was directed to embark for Ireland, and they

had already sent their baggage on board the Sea Horse transport when an order suddenly arrived for their disembarkation and the disbandment of the battalion. But the 59th sailed in the same vessel, and it was wrecked off Kinsale, three hundred and sixty-five of the passengers being drowned. Two other transports were lost at the same time; and there was then no Plimsoll to ask in Parliament how it was these rotten vessels, chartered by the government, had gone to the bottom, with six hundred warriors, just returned from saving their country in a hard fight, as illustrious and as momentous in consequence as Thermopylæ.

Next to what Lord Albemarle had to tell about Waterloo and the Princess Charlotte, perhaps his impressions of Wellington were of the highest interest.

In 1825 he was appointed aide-de-camp to the Marquis Wellesley, then lord lieutenant of Ireland; which brought him into frequent contact with persons who had been acquainted both with "the Wellesley of Mysore, and the Wellesley of Assaye." What he says of both brothers in his autobiography is worth quoting, and enables one to accept as authentic an otherwise rather surprising portrait of the young Wellington in the Guelph Exhibition of 1890—that of a heavy, and very ordinary-looking young officer with a rufous face, showing little promise in it, and offering so marked a contrast to a portrait of the young Napoleon, which hung near, pale, thoughtful, clear-cut, determined, instinct with genius. If from seeing the two pictures only a man had been obliged to choose a leader, he would surely have preferred to take service under the latter. But in later years, of course, the countenance of the Iron Duke became very striking.

"The elder brother, as is well known, after carrying away all the honors of school and university, entered Parliament at an early age, and soon established a character for himself as orator and statesman. The abilities of Arthur, the younger brother, were of much slower development. The late Earl of Leitrim, who was with him at a small private school in the town of Portarlington, used to speak of him to me as a singularly dull, backward boy. Gleig, late chaplain-general, in his interesting life of the great captain, says that his mother, believing him to be the dunce of the family, not only treated him with indifference, but in some degree neglected his education. At Eton, his intellect was rated at a very low standard; his idleness

in school hours not being redeemed in the eyes of his fellows by any proficiency in the playground. He was a 'dab' at no game, could neither handle a bat nor oar. As soon as he passed into the remove, it was determined to place him in the 'fool's profession,' as the army in those days was irreverently called. At the Military College at Angers he seemed to have a little more aptitude for studying the art of war than he had shown for the Humanities; but he was still a shy, awkward lad. It is a matter of notoriety that he was refused a collectorship of customs on the ground of incompetency for the duties; and I have reason to believe that there is now extant a letter from Lord Mornington (afterwards Lord Wellesley) to Lord Camden, declining a commission for his brother Arthur in the army, on the same grounds. When he became aide-de-camp to Lord Westmoreland, the lord lieutenant of Ireland, his acquaintance with the usages of society was as limited as could well be possessed by any lad who had passed through the ordeal of a public school. Moore, the poet, who visited Dublin shortly before me, and who lived in much the same society as myself, alludes in his journal to the character for frivolity which young Wellesley had acquired while a member of the viceregal staff. An old lady, one of his contemporaries, told me that when any of the Dublin *belles* received an invitation to a picnic they stipulated as a condition of its acceptance that 'that mischievous boy, Arthur Wellesley, should not be of the party.' It was the fashion of the period for gentlemen to wear, instead of a neckcloth, a piece of rich lace, which was passed through a loop in the shirt collar. To twitch the lace out of its loop was a favorite pastime of the inchoate 'Iron Duke.' The disastrous campaign of the Duke of York appears to have had a sobering effect upon his character. From that time forth he put away childish things, and betook himself in good earnest to the active duties of his profession.

"It has often been asserted that if Lord Wellesley had not had the co-operation of so able an officer as his brother, his administration as governor-general would have been attended with less brilliant results; but I have been taught to believe that the benefits which the brothers derived from each other were tolerably reciprocal. If, on the one hand, the victories of the Sepoy general over the Mahrattas reflected lustre on the governor-general who appointed him to the

command, on the other hand, the instruction which that governor-general imparted to his younger brother proved of infinite service to him in his career. Two military qualities for which the Duke of Wellington became afterwards so distinguished Lord Wellesley possessed in an eminent degree—the faculty of arranging the transport, and that of the victualling of troops. There is one enterprise of Lord Wellesley's to which his biographers have hardly done justice—I mean the expedition which he despatched from India to aid a European army in driving the French out of Egypt."

Some ladies of the duke's acquaintance were at Brussels in 1841; and after much entreaty they obtained his reluctant consent to accompany them to the field of Waterloo, where he had not been since the day of the action. They dined with him on their return. During the evening he scarcely uttered a word, by his deep-drawn sighs showing how sad a picture was brought to his mind by re-visiting the scene of his great victory.

We next hear of him in connection with the personal appeal for promotion made to him by Lord Albemarle, then the Hon. George Keppel, when the application of a friend in his behalf had failed. "Sir," said he, in his most chilling accents, "you will be pleased to send in a memorial of your claims for promotion, and you will receive an answer through the usual channel." In the memorial Keppel made the most of his "scanty services" (as he terms them), and threw in a book he had just published about his overland journey from India by Bussorah, and Bagdad, up the Tigris, through Babylonia, and Persia, to Russia, and so home. The route he took had rarely been travelled by Europeans. It had been an adventurous journey, showing spirit and enterprise in the traveller. Thus, the book was a great deal read at the time. I do not think, however, that the writer was so good a describer of places and adventures as he was graphic relater of bright, pointed anecdotes, painter of characteristic portraits, shrewd and wise student of events.

The answer to young Keppel's application came accordingly through the "usual channel," the Horse Guards, and it proved to be the announcement of his promotion. The friend who had made the unsuccessful application thanked the duke, who, however, only answered, "You have nothing to thank me for—it was the young fellow's book that got him his step." Lord Albemarle told Mrs. Beecher Stowe, when

she was in England, a really witty and amusing story about the Duke of Wellington, which was, in fact, a squib of his own, reflecting on the high-handed autocracy of the duke in the later days of his command of the army. Sitting next a lady at dinner who had a smelling-bottle containing musk, the duke is alleged to have said to her, "In India ladies put musk rats into their smelling-bottles." "They must be very small rats then," the lady observed. "Not at all—about the size of English rats." "Then their smelling-bottles must be very large." "Not at all—no bigger than yours." When the gentlemen entered the drawing-room, Lord Fitzroy Somerset whispered to the lady, "You now see the sort of difficulties we have at the Horse-Guards: we are required to put very large rats into very small bottles." To hear the narrator mimic the Iron Duke's manner when he told this was "as good as a play."

I turn now to what Lord Albemarle had to tell about the Princess Charlotte, the daughter of George, Prince of Wales, and heir to the throne of England, from whom men expected so much; that "flower of Brunswick," who disappointed so many generous and loyal hopes by her early death; whose untimely doom called forth so much touching verse, including the most beautiful offspring of Southey's muse, his "Funeral Ode." In a different strain assuredly are the old lord's reminiscences; yet I hardly knew a more lifelike and friendly, though humorous, portrait. As a boy he was on very intimate terms with her; for his grandmother, Lady de Clifford, was her governess, and a governess invested with unwonted authority; though much thwarted therein by the pompous and pedantic Fisher, Bishop of Exeter, who superintended some of the studies of the princess, whom she nicknamed "the great U P," from the affected stress he laid on the last syllable of the word bishop, and whose grandiloquent homilies she would mimic, when his back was turned, with her under lip shot out, after his fashion. This bishop was an ultra-Tory, and tried to insinuate into the ear of the prospective sovereign the pleasing doctrine of the "right divine of kings to govern wrong"—but without success. The princess remained a Liberal; and Lord Albemarle publishes in his autobiography a most interesting letter from her to his father, eulogizing Charles Fox (a bust of whom she had presented to him), intended evidently as a manifesto of her political creed, the sentiments of which

were as admirable as the grammar was detestable. George IV., however, who had throughout his youth, manhood, and middle age, professed himself a Whig, and educated his daughter (as he boasted in a speech at the Brighton Pavilion) in Liberal principles, no sooner became prince regent than he endeavored by sundry arbitrary and unwise measures to bring the princess also round to his brand-new Tory creed; but in vain. On the occasion of a dinner which he gave in her honor, he burst into such invectives against Lords Grey and Granville that she shed tears, an incident which gave rise to those lines of Byron, that caused the sycophantic press to call him a "minor poet," and to heap other opprobrious names upon his head:

Weep, daughter of a royal line,  
A sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;  
Ah! happy if such tears of thine  
Could wash a father's fault away!

Subsequently, Lady de Clifford, having first exacted a promise of secrecy from the regent, made, in the discharge of her duty, a statement concerning the conduct of a person known to him; but he betrayed her to this person; upon which she instantly resigned her office, and when the prince asked her the reason of so abrupt a resignation, she replied, "Because your Royal Highness has taught me the distinction between the word of honor of a prince and that of a gentleman." The Princess Charlotte, though truly attached to her governess, was not seldom rude to her, and, both being hot-tempered, they often quarrelled; but the girl would say to young Keppel, even while complaining of harsh treatment, "After all, there are many worse persons in the world than your snuffy old grandmother." She now resisted strenuously the appointment of another governess, for she was nearly seventeen, and wished to have her own establishment. But the regent, jealous of her growing popularity, was furious; and in the course of an interview with her at Windsor, he loaded her with reproaches. He asked Lord Chancellor Eldon, who was present, what he would do with such a daughter. "If she were mine," was the reply, "I would lock her up." However, the Duchess of Leeds was forthwith installed in Lady de Clifford's place.

On the subsequent Sunday, young Keppel went with his grandmother to church; and, as an old man, he well remembered that when one of the lessons for the day was read, and they came to the verse, "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put

any confidence in princes," she whispered into his ear, "Excellent advice, my dear boy; remember it as long as you live!"

Yet shortly after this the prince regent actually asked Lady de Clifford to a party at Carlton House, on purpose, as it seemed, to insult her, for he turned his back upon her without speaking, "thus showing," says her grandson, "to the assembled courtiers his idea of the manner in which the first gentleman in Europe should behave to a lady." Of the Princess Charlotte one derives from these pages the impression of a frank, generous, warm-hearted, and rather imperious hoyden, blunt and undisciplined, entirely without affectation, unless her assumption of boyish ways may be regarded as one. She used to pummel her friend Keppel, the Westminster schoolboy, with her fists (I suppose his chivalry would not permit him to pummel back). On one occasion she got him to mount his father's horse in her presence; but before he was well in the saddle she gave it such a cut with a heavy whip that it flew away with him "clinging to its neck and roaring lustily," till the animal, having had enough of him, threw up its heels and flung him off. Such is his own account. This happened in front of his father's house at Earl's Court, Brompton, whither the princess had come to pay a visit. She got a good scolding from Lady de Clifford for her pains, besides looks of grave disapproval from George Keppel's father, in whose good graces she was anxious to stand high; and so angry did this make her that when she and her companion were again alone the same heavy riding-whip was brought out anew, "and," said Lord Albemarle, "she treated my father's son exactly as she treated my father's horse." This episode was the sequel to another equally funny; for the bystanders, having seen the royal liveries at the door were anxious to get a glimpse at the heir presumptive to the throne, and young Keppel told her how much they would like to see her. "They shall soon have that pleasure," was the reply. So, stepping out of the garden gate into the road, she ran in among the crowd from the rear, and appeared more anxious than any one to have a peep at the princess. It was now that her boisterous spirits led her to the stable, where she proceeded to saddle and bridle a horse herself, and use the groom's whip on it in the manner described. In the same locality she would entice George Keppel's little sisters to the top of a mound in the orchard and roll them down into a bed of nettles, and if

they did not cry or complain she would give them a new doll. For she was very generous, and, although violent, easily appeased; she kept their nursery well supplied with dolls, gave young Keppel frequent tips, though she could ill afford them out of her allowance; and brought him to his school sandwiches of her own making (the food there being execrable); from her he had his first pony, and his first watch. She once nursed an old servant through a dangerous illness with the utmost tenderness and solicitude. In his memoirs Lord Albemarle quotes a most amusing letter from the girl. He had asked her for a "tip." "Though I send the money," she says, "still I must give you a little reprimand. You will, I hope, dear boy, love me as well, tho' I do sometimes find fault with you. You will, if you go on asking for money, and spending it in so quick a manner, get such a habit of it that when you grow up you will be a very extravagant man, and get into debt (*sic*)," etc., etc. "Your grandmama Clifford allows me £10 a month. But though I spend it I take care never to go further than the sum will allow. Now, dear George, if you do the same, you will never want for money; say you have a guinea, well then, never go beyond it, and in time you will save up. That is the way everybody does, and so never get into debt (*sic*). If you will call at Warwick House, my porter, Mr. Moore, will give you half a guinea. If you use that well, and give me an exact account how you spend it, I will give you something more. I wish you were here. Write to me often, and believe that no one loves you better than I do, nor will be more happy to help you in all troubles than I." Once she and her governess drove down to Westminster to pick George Keppel up, and take him back to Warwick House with them. Like many boys, he was very fond of fighting; and so they found him in the "fighting-green," where a mill was going on between two skilful combatants, which she watched eagerly from the cloisters. "Once outside her own gates," says Lord Albemarle, "the princess was like a bird escaped from a cage, or rather like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, in two places at once. In whatsoever house she entered, she would fly from top to bottom; one moment in the garret, and almost in the same moment in the kitchen. The Prince of Wales, who occasionally honored Lady de Clifford with his company at dinner, used to flatter grandmama by asking her how she could afford a man cook. One



day, however, at the hour of luncheon things went ill; the dowager's bell rang violently. The mutton chop was so ill cooked and so well peppered as to be uneatable. On inquiry it was discovered that the good old lady's royal charge had acted as cook, and her favorite grandson as scullery-maid."

Lady de Clifford did not think highly of the prince regent's consort, about whom opinions have been so divided. Often when, in obedience to King George III.'s commands, she took her pupil to visit her mother, who was then living at Blackheath, separated from her husband, the Princess of Wales would behave with a levity of manner and language which not even her child's and Lady de Clifford's presence could restrain, so that the latter threatened to make such representations to the king as would deprive her altogether of her daughter's society; and, although the king and his son were at daggers drawn, his own experience of the Princess of Wales had very warmly prevented him from taking her part against his son; yet he encouraged her not to submit to complete separation from her daughter. Lord Albemarle was present at the queen consort's trial, in his capacity of equerry to the Duke of Sussex, a very popular prince, and one of ultra-Liberal sympathies. He describes the appearance of Queen Caroline as anything but prepossessing. She wore a black dress with a high ruff, an unbecoming gipsy hat with a huge bow in front, the whole surmounted with a plume of ostrich feathers. Nature had given her light hair, blue eyes, a fair complexion, and a good-humored expression of countenance; but the effect of these was marred by painted eyebrows, and by a black wig with a profusion of curls, which overshadowed her cheeks, and gave a bold, defiant air to her features. "I was present," he says, "on the morning of the August 21 at the celebrated interview between Queen Caroline and Teodoro Majocchi, the prevaricating postilion of *non mi ricordo* notoriety. The moment she saw him she raised her hands above her head, and, uttering a loud exclamation, bounced out of the House of Lords in a most unqueenlike manner. What that exclamation was intended to convey is still a mystery. Some said the word was 'Teodoro,' others 'Traditore.' To me it seemed simply the interjection 'oh!' as expressive of disgust at seeing in her accuser one whom she had known as a dirty, discharged menial, but who was now transformed" (by the interested

attentions of her enemies) "into a clean-looking gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion."

George Keppel, in passing through London to join a detachment of his regiment bound for the Ionian Islands, caught his last glimpse of his royal playmate, Princess Charlotte, and gave a very picturesque account of it. She was about to be married to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and one morning went in state to the Chapel Royal. He went to the peers' seat in the chapel, and during the service looked up furtively to the royal pew. It was five years since he had seen her. She was, of course, altered in appearance; but a glance showed him that she was still the same arch, lively girl he had known so well. She knew him instantly, and from under the shade of her hands, which were joined together over her face as she knelt, made him sundry telegraphic signals in her own peculiar manner. The moment the service was over he rushed to the corner of St. James' Street to see her pass. She kissed her hand to him as she drove by, and continued doing so till her carriage turned into Warwick Street. Up to the moment he lost sight of her, he noticed her hand waving to him from the window. He had seen her for the last time. In the autumn of 1816, on arrival with his regiment from abroad, the ship had to grope her way up Channel in a thick November fog, and when it dispersed they observed every vessel, whether under weigh or at anchor, with the colors half-mast high. The princess had died in childbirth a few days before; and nearly at the same time he learned that his mother had died within a fortnight of the princess, also after giving birth to a stillborn child.

Early in 1820 Lord Albemarle was appointed equerry to the Duke of Sussex. When only seven years old, this prince had been locked up in his nursery by order of the king, and sent supperless to bed, for wearing Admiral Keppel's election colors. The occasion was the contest for the borough of Windsor in 1780. He had represented Windsor for twenty years; and his brother, the Dean of Windsor, had property in the town. But on the dissolution of Parliament, he was opposed by a candidate of the king's own choosing; the court and the government had united their influence against his return. George III. actually canvassed the town in person against him. A certain silk mercer, a stout Keppelite, used to mimic the king's peculiar voice and man-



ner as his Majesty entered his shop, and muttered in his hurried way, "the queen wants a gown, wants a gown. No Keppel — no Keppel;" which reminds one of Peter Pindar's account of the king's visit to Whitbread's brewery. George Keppel accompanied the duke into Norfolk to attend a public dinner at Norwich, presided over by his father, Lord Albemarle, ostensibly to celebrate the birthday of Fox, with whom the hero of my sketch had played trap-ball when a boy; but the dinner was in reality a political demonstration against the unconstitutional conduct of the Tory administration. Among the toasts drunk were the following: "The King, in solemn silence" (he was known to be dying); "The Prince Regent, in silence" (the words which usually accompanied this toast being on this occasion omitted, out of deference to the royal guest, "May he never forget those principles which placed his family on the throne of these realms!"); "The Constitution, according to the principles of the Revolution of 1688;" "The Cause of Civil and Religious Liberty all over the world, the Cause for which Hampden bled on the field, and Sidney and Russell on the scaffold;" "May the Example of one Revolution prevent the necessity of another!"

The Duke of Sussex joined in the song entitled the "Trumpet of Liberty," which ran thus:—

Fall, tyrants, fall, fall, fall!  
These are the days of Liberty; Fall, tyrants,  
fall!

When the prince regent changed his politics so suddenly, he attempted, through Lord Moira, to bribe some of his old friends to turn their own coats. He approached Lord Albemarle, by offering him the mastership of the horse, and a garter in perspective. The earl's answer was emphatic. "Lord Albemarle presents his compliments to the Earl of Moira, and has the honor to inform his Lordship that he cannot obey his Royal Highness the prince regent's commands."

Yet, as Byron sings, "Some unknown hand strewed flowers" even upon Nero's tomb; and George IV. was not a Nero. He cared for children, and one is glad to note the incident related concerning his last hours in Lord Albemarle's "Fifty Years."\* The prince, soon after their marriage, had presented Mrs. Fitzherbert with a large diamond. This she had

divided into two parts, one of which she retained, and wore with the prince's portrait in it; while into the other, which she gave to him, she had her own picture fitted. When they separated it was agreed that all presents should be returned. She sent his back; but he failed to restore her miniature, and Mrs. Fitzherbert, too proud to ask for an explanation, lived and died in ignorance of what had become of it. Now, on his deathbed, George IV. desired his executor, the Duke of Wellington, to take care that he was buried in the night clothes in which he lay. Having obtained this promise, the king died. Then, left alone with the body, the duke yielded to an impulse of curiosity, *plus fort que lui*; and discovered round the king's neck, attached to a very dirty and faded piece of black riband, the jewelled miniature of Mrs. Fitzherbert. "The poor king's dying request was fulfilled to the very letter," says the narrator; "and he carried with him to the grave the image of her who was perhaps the only woman he had ever respected, as well as loved."

The Iron Duke confessed this himself, humming and hahing, nay, actually blushing, while he made the confession to Mrs. Dawson Damer, a personal friend of Mrs. Fitzherbert, to whom the latter had bequeathed the prince's miniature, upon Mrs. Dawson Damer asking him, one night at dinner, what he thought could have become of her friend's portrait.

Toward the close of 1820 Lieut. Keppel was ordered with his regiment to Bengal. On the voyage he fell in with Sir W. Jones's Persian grammar, and picked up, he tells us, more Persian in four months without a teacher on board the Lowther Castle than he did of Latin in as many years at Westminster, under the heavy ferule of Dr. Page. He had a strong conviction, which he would often formulate, that the instruction in languages given in our schools proceeds on a wrong system; it is not made interesting, and is not founded on a rational basis. He thought that grammar ought not to be taught first, and in dry abstraction (so to speak) from the concrete language; that the rules of grammar ought rather to be deduced before the eyes of every new learner from examples in good writers. This he used to urge upon those who had charge of the education of his grandchildren, in which he always took a deep interest. And he gave very valuable advice on this subject, as well as on yet more important practical matters connected with

\* I do not understand how a diamond could be thus divided. But so it stands in Lord Albemarle's book.— R. N.

the conduct of life, to the young son of an old servant, whose education he provided for at his own cost, the youth's abilities having impressed him as considerable. The boy in his turn looked upon the old lord rather in the light of a father than in that of a patron. They were in close correspondence by letter till very near the end of Lord Albemarle's life. "Who will care to hear about my work, and about all I have been doing now?" exclaimed the boy on being told of his venerable friend's departure.

With the knowledge of Persian Captain Keppel had acquired on board the *Lowther Castle*, when he began his overland journey from India he made his way from the Persian Gulf to the mouth of the Volga without experiencing the slightest inconvenience from the want of a medium of communication with the various Mohammedan nations through whose country his road lay. One of his latest occupations at *Lydhurst*, when approaching ninety, was to compare the Greek of our New Testament with the modern Greek version.

But I anticipate. Lieutenant Keppel was appointed aide-de-camp to the governor-general, Lord Hastings, on his arrival in India, and much enjoyed his intimate talks with this remarkable man, while riding with him in the howdah upon his elephant.

There was a General Hardwick then in India, who was passionately fond of cobras, and kept a large collection of them. Lieutenant Keppel saw him seize one by the tail with his right hand, while he passed the body of the animal rapidly through his left, till he reached the hood. He then forced open the serpent's mouth, and showed the poison-bag at the base of the fangs, and the reptile, on being let go, showed no irritation at this rough usage. Lord Albemarle thought the cobra was undoubtedly "The pretty worm of Nilus that kills and pains not," the asp, whose bite Cleopatra employed for self-destruction. He says that a boy who had been bitten, and was brought to Government House, died in half an hour, his body being in a state of perfect repose while he lay dying, the hands open, the palms upward. Lieutenant Keppel left India, and began that adventurous overland journey of which he has published an account, soon after the resignation of Lord Hastings. Into the details of it I have no space to enter. But it may be mentioned that at *Kermanshah*, in Persia, he met one Moolah Ali, an Arab, to whom murder

and every other crime had long been familiar; yet this man's "mild eye beamed with intelligence, and when he spoke his mouth lighted up with so pleasing a smile that the diabolical matter of his speech was forgotten in the attractive manner of its delivery. He was a man whose conscience never troubled him with 'air-drawn daggers;' but he had a substantial one in his girdle ready for use. He had once invited sixteen persons to a feast, and, placing a confidential agent between each two guests, he caused every one of them to be put to death, himself giving the signal by plunging a dagger into the breast of the person beside him." We one day asked the moolah how he generally deprived his enemies of life. "That," replied he, "is as I can catch them. Some I have killed in battle; others I have stabbed sleeping." His pistols were studded with red nails, and he told the travellers that each nail was to commemorate the death of some victim who had fallen by that weapon. The same "smile that is childlike and bland" characterized another monster of cruelty whom they met — Davoud, a Georgian by birth, the pasha of Bagdad. He, too, had very prepossessing manners. Having assumed the character of a Mohammedan devotee, and acquired a large sum by mendicancy at the palace gate, when he had amassed enough he made a bid to the grand signior for the pashalik. His offer was accepted. An order soon arrived for the immediate execution of the reigning pasha, whose slave this Davoud had formerly been, and the Georgian beggar was forthwith installed in his master's place. Thus Byron tells us that when he visited Ali Pasha of Jannina he found it no less difficult "to trace the deeds which lurk within, and stamp him with disgrace." The very power and place of such men depend upon their rapacity and extortion. The Turk, from the insecurity of property and the frail hold by which he clings to life, regards merely the present moment. Tomorrow he may be dead, or a beggar. This Davoud actually died the same death as that to which he had subjected his predecessor. In his passage through Russia, Lord Albemarle heard much of the constant terror of assassination in which the then Emperor Alexander lived; and so have his successors lived up to the present day. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"

Lieutenant Keppel was now promoted to the rank of captain in the 62nd Regiment; and shortly after, as I have men-

tioned, he was appointed aide-de-camp to Lord Wellesley, the lord-lieutenant of Ireland. While attending on the Duke of Sussex at Kensington Palace he used to watch our Queen Victoria, as a bright, pretty little girl of seven, watering her flowers in the garden, and impartially dividing the contents of her watering-pot between the flowers and her own little feet. She wore a large straw hat, and a suit of white cotton; a colored *fichu* round the neck was her only ornament. His book opened the doors of many interesting houses to Captain Keppel. He met Sydney Smith, Chatham, Sir J. Mackintosh, and Macaulay, besides persons who could remember Burke, Johnson, and Sir J. Reynolds; also he did the usual amount of "sport" at Holkham; and acted in amateur theatricals at Hatfield, on one occasion personating Queen Elizabeth, when the Iron Duke and the foreign ambassadors did mock homage to him in that character. He was likewise admitted into the Travellers' Club, which then occupied a shabby, low-roomed house on the north side of Pall Mall, and into a similar club called "The Raleigh," which consisted of men who had visited the least-known parts of the globe. The travellers dined once or twice a month at the "Thatched House" in St. James's Street. Captain Keppel was the sole member for Babylon. He had intended to call his book "Personal Narrative of Travels," etc.; and Lord Wellesley, then his chief, objected to the title, saying to Chief Justice Plunkett one evening at the Viceregal Lodge in Dublin: "One of my aides-de-camp has written a *personal* narrative of his travels; pray, chief justice, what is your definition of *personal*?" "My lord," replied Plunkett, "we lawyers always consider *personal* as opposed to *real*."

In 1827 Keppel became major; and at Bowood (Lord Lansdowne's) he met Tom Moore, who had walked over to dinner from Sloperton Cottage. Major Keppel amused the poet by telling him a story he had heard about him. A French lady, a stranger to him, throwing herself into his arms, exclaimed, "Oh, le cher Lord Byron!" "Pardonnez moi, Madame, je m'appelle Moore." "Mais Moore, le poète, n'est a ce pas?" "Oui, Madame." "Alors, c'est la même chose;" and then followed a second accolade.

Lord Albemarle introduced Moore, who was writing Byron's life, to Lord Sligo, an early friend of Byron's; and I remember Lord Albemarle telling me that Byron, when bathing with Lord Sligo one day,

said, "Oh, Sligo, what a beautiful corpse I shall make!"

In his thirtieth year George Keppel undertook a voyage to Turkey and Greece, directing his special attention to the Balkan Pass, with a view to ascertaining the facilities or difficulties it may present to an invader of Turkey, as well as to investigate the condition of the "unspeakable Turk," who was then warmly patronized by England, and believed to be capable of civil and political regeneration. His conclusions were adverse to the "sick man," and he found that the Balkans did not present those formidable obstacles to invasion that had been attributed to them. This journey, however (though he does not say so in his memoirs), was partly undertaken to divert his thoughts, if possible, from the too dear recollection of a lady with whom he had fallen in love. His affection had been reciprocated; but there existed serious obstacles in the way of marriage. Suffice it to add that he did not forget her, and that he did afterwards marry this lady of his choice, the marriage proving a very happy one for both. At Shumla he visited the grand vizier of Turkey, and was closely questioned by him on the points of difference between our military manœuvres and those of Russia. This he explained, much to the vizier's satisfaction, by help of an interpreter, and a chaplet of beads borrowed from the vizier; so that the young English officer found himself unexpectedly in the position of sitting knee to knee with the commander-in-chief of the Turkish army in Roumelia, and giving him a lesson in the art of war. Clapping his hands to summon his generals and colonels, the vizier said to them: "Look at this young officer. He is your inferior in rank, and yet he knows more of your profession than all of you put together." Then, turning to young Keppel, he continued: "It is not the fault of the Osmanli soldier, for he is brave enough, but of these ignorant fellows, that he is not oftener successful in the field."

Between Shumla and Constantinople the travellers were nearly frozen to death, and nearly drowned fording a river. Keppel then made a journey into Asia Minor in quest of some Roman ruins, no account of which had been published. He was successful, and afterwards described them in a volume entitled "A Journey across the Balkan." In 1833 he became a candidate for East Norfolk in the Liberal interest, and in February, 1833, took his seat in the first reformed

Parliament. In 1838 he was appointed groom-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, and was present in that capacity at the coronation. In 1851, on the death of his brother, he succeeded to the title and estates, and in 1882 he published his "Memoirs of the Marquess of Rockingham." On two subsequent occasions he enjoyed a pleasant *tête-à-tête* conversation with his illustrious old chief — once (in the same year) at the palace of Westminster, where Lord Albemarle received the queen's commands to carry the cap of maintenance in the absence of Lord Winchester, when she opened Parliament in person, and the duke bore the sword of state; and once when both were present at the wedding of some mutual friends. They then exchanged reminiscences of Mrs. Fitzherbert, in whose former residence in Tilney Street, they found themselves. Lord Albemarle this same year was guest of the Duke of Wellington, at the duke's last Waterloo banquet. In his speech the duke hoped he would have the pleasure of seeing his friends again there the following year. Proposing the health of Prince Castelcicala, the Neapolitan minister, who had served at Waterloo under the title of Count Ruffo, as a lieutenant in the Enniskillen Dragoons, his memory failed him, and he could not remember the name; so he paused, no one liking to prompt him, till at last Lord Sandys, who had been his senior aide-de-camp in the action, called out, "The field-marshal gives the health of Prince Castelcicala." "Exactly so," said the duke; "that's the name, Prince Castelcicala!" These were the last words he heard the duke utter. They sat down eighty-four in number. "Of these," says Lord Albemarle, "in 1876, General Sir Charles Yorke, constable of the Tower of London, General Lord Rokeby, colonel of the Scots Fusilier Guards, and I, are the only survivors." Lord Albemarle was present at the duke's funeral, in St. Paul's. He gave up his place at court in 1841, and became successively colonel and general. In 1847 he was returned to Parliament as member for Lymington; but he held the seat for only two sessions. Lord Albemarle retained to the last his interest in military concerns. He loved to gather military men of distinction around him, and conversed eagerly with them on these topics. Thus, he frequently saw Lord Wolseley, General Sir Redvers Buller, and General Eyre. Only the vexed question of Home Rule for Ireland had separated him from his old

friend, Mr. Gladstone. But he paid Mr. Gladstone a visit at the house of a neighbor near Lydhurst, in extreme old age, and received a visit from him in return, both the veterans enjoying their conversation about old times.

When I met the subject of this sketch at Lydhurst, his life was one of quiet, uneventful, refined, and scholarly leisure. He drove out in an open carriage morning and afternoon, always accompanied by a tiny, shaggy, pet terrier, belonging to his daughter, of which he was very fond. He was a pretty and intelligent creature; but his friend, the old lord, who had studied his character closely — and was so much his friend that, though weak and ailing, he *would* go out with the dog, saying, "Toosie wants his walk!" — assured me he was a very selfish little beast, whatever he might appear to strangers. At any rate, the dog was always in the hall, barking and yelping, when the carriage came round, and the hour arrived for their daily drive. Only a day or two before his death he was greatly amused by the little dog getting upon the table at dinner to drink water out of his finger-glass, and eat bread crumbs. In the afternoon Lord Albemarle would walk in the beautiful gardens on the hill, whence one has so exquisite a view of the Sussex Downs, with their changing lights and shadows, flowers in the foreground, woods in the middle distance, dimly dwindling, and growing faint afar, with many a red roof of byre and grange embowered in greenery, village spire, or grey church tower. In the evening he joined the family circle at dinner, and afterwards enjoyed regularly his rubber of whist or game of backgammon, retiring, and rising early; but the mornings he passed in his private room among his favorite books. Quite towards the end of his life he devoted himself mainly to the study of the Bible, and became a very religious man, so passing peacefully to his rest, surrounded by all the affectionate care that his loving daughters could bestow; for while in the country house of one of them and her husband he spent his latter years and died, her sister, Lady Louisa Charteris, who had built a house close by, was able to visit him constantly. He had married, in 1831, Susan, daughter of Sir Coutts Trotter, Bart.; and at Lydhurst she also had died. It was a fitting scene, pastoral and peaceful, for the quiet lapse of a singularly serene and happy old age, the old age of one who had known trouble and disappointment indeed, but whose mind remained eager, and active,

and varied in its interests up to the last — one who had endeared himself to those around him by his amiability, thoughtfulness for others, and patience, amid the inevitable infirmities of unusually prolonged life, which could not but be felt as a burden in the end, when he had grown deaf, and in consequence more silent, more isolated from the family circle and social board.

"I live to experience what the Bible means when it describes old age," he said to me the last time I saw him; but he was not to suffer thus for long. His grandson and granddaughters often visited him at Lydhurst, and in their unfeigned affection for him he took manifest delight. Indeed, the old man seemed to realize in his own person the sentiment of those beautiful lines by Wordsworth:—

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,  
Nor leave thee when grey hairs are nigh  
A melancholy slave;  
But an old age serene and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night,  
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

His sweet spirit was manifested in the last words his daughter remembered him saying as she watched by his bedside on the last night of his life; he woke, and seeing her there, he said, "My child, why do you sit up so late?" And when the good man dies at a ripe age, those who have ministered to him, and to whom he has proved a life-long friend, will feel, indeed, the blank of his withdrawal; but for himself there is no place for tears.

There was a funeral service held in Westminster Abbey, by desire of his friend Dean Bradley, in memory of Lord Albemarle, at which the queen and other members of the royal family were represented, while a detachment from his old regiment, the 14th, whose colors he had carried at Waterloo, accompanied the chief mourners, and followed the coffin from his house in Portman Square to the Abbey, together with twenty scholars of Westminster, his old school. Thus the remains of the old man, who had so worthily filled his place through the long day, dying full of years and honor, passed through those ancient historic cloisters, near to which he had played and fought as a boy, or, "ever a fighter," watched child-contests of companions, passed, accompanied now by fresh young boys of a later generation, in their turn glad, healthy, and strong, attending to show respect for him, who thenceforth would only be a name among the living. Several distinguished military

men were present. The remains were afterwards conveyed to Quidenham, the place he had loved so well.

RODEN NOEL.

#### AUNT ANNE.\*

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

FIVE months later. Walter was back in England, better in health, brown and handsome. Florence was in a seventh heaven of happiness. Her husband was her very devoted lover, the children were as good as gold, the little house near the Regent's Park was decorated with all manner of Indian draperies and bric-a-brac — and what more could the heart of woman desire?

"Really," she said, "it was worth your going away to know the delight of getting you back again."

"Yes, darling; shall I go away again?"

"No, you dear goose. Walter, why doesn't Mr. Fisher come and see us; he has only been once since you returned, and then he seemed most anxious to go away again."

"I suppose he was afraid Ethel Dunlop would come in."

"I wish he hadn't fallen in love with her," Florence said, "I shall always reproach myself about it. But really he was so good and kind that I half hoped she would like him."

"A woman under thirty doesn't marry a man because he is good and kind."

"I can't help thinking it might have been different if he had spoken to her," Florence said; "it is so stupid of a man to write. I wouldn't have accepted you if you had proposed in a letter."

"Oh, wouldn't you," he laughed, "that was a matter in which you wouldn't have been allowed to decide for yourself. One must draw the line somewhere. It is all very well to let women do as they like in little things, but in a big one like marrying you, why —"

"Don't talk nonsense," Florence laughed, putting her hand over his mouth. He kissed it and jerked back his head.

"I wonder what Fisher said in his letter, Floggie."

"I should think it was very proper and respectful."

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"The sort of letter a churchwarden or an archbishop would write. Poor old chap, I expect he feels a little sore about it."

"I wish he would come here again," Florence said; "he was so very kind about taking the house, and I always liked him."

"I am afraid," Walter said, with a sigh, "he hasn't quite forgiven me for putting Wimple on to him. It really was a ghastly thing for the *Centre* to get reviews from other papers palmed off on it as fresh ones. I can't think, setting aside the lowness of cheating, how Wimple could be such a fool as to suppose that Fisher wouldn't find out that they had been priggled."

"He was quite taken in at first. I remember his telling me that Mr. Wimple wrote very well."

"You see, those Scotch papers are uncommonly clever. How Wimple expected not to be found out I can't imagine. If he had priggled from the *Timbuctoo Journal*, of course he might have escaped. Fisher must have sworn freely. It made him look such an ass," and Walter laughed in spite of himself.

"Is there a *Timbuctoo Journal*?" Florence asked innocently.

"No, you sweet idiot—perhaps there is, though. Should think it would be interesting—probably gives an account of a roast missionary feast now and then."

"You horrid thing!" said Florence. "I wish Mr. Wimple were in *Timbuctoo*, and that I knew how poor Aunt Anne was getting on."

"Poor, dear old fool; we never dreamt what would come of that introduction, either, did we?"

"Oh, Walter, I shall never forget what I suffered about her at the cottage when she told me she was going to marry Mr. Wimple. And then after she had vanished there were the bills at Witley and Guildford. I can't imagine what she did with all the things she bought, for she was only at the cottage a week or so without me."

"Probably sent them to Wimple at Liphook."

"She couldn't send him chickens and claret, cakes and chocolate, and a dozen other things."

"Oh, yes she could, trust her," laughed Walter. "It is very odd," he went on, "but I have always had an idea somehow that there was a feminine attraction at Liphook. If it was the young lady we saw with him that morning at Waterloo, I don't

think much of her. How did you manage to pay all the bills, Floggie dear? You didn't owe a penny when I came back, and had saved something too—never knew such a clever little woman."

"Steggalls' bill was the worst," Florence said; "there were endless wagon-ettes."

"Probably she spent her time in showing Wimple the beauties of the country. How did you manage to pay them all Floggie?"

"Lived on an egg one day, and nothing the next."

"That's what a woman always does. A man would have robbed Peter to pay Paul. You ought to have a reward. If I could get a fortnight this Easter, we might take a run to Monte Carlo."

"Monte Carlo makes me think of Mrs. North. I should like to see her again; she fascinated me the night she was here."

"Why didn't you go and see her?"

"I was not sure that you would like it. There was evidently something wrong."

He was silent for a minute. "Do you know," he said presently, "when there is something wrong with a woman I think it is a reason for going, and not for staying away. It's the only chance of setting it right. What is the use of goodness if it isn't used for the benefit of other people?"

"Walter," and Florence stood up and clasped her hands, "she said nearly the same thing to me that evening she was here. There was something almost desperate in her manner; it has haunted me ever since, and I should have gone to see her but that I was afraid of your being angry."

"What, at your going to see a woman who perhaps needed your help? If she were up a moral tree, you might have done her some good."

"I can't bear to think I missed a chance of doing that. Walter," she added, with a sigh, "sometimes I fear that I am very narrow."

"No, dear, you are only a little prim Puritan, and I love you for it as I love you for everything, so please, Floggie, will you take me to Monte Carlo this Easter, or may I take you?"

"You are a wicked spendthrift, as bad as Aunt Anne; I believe it runs in the family. What is to be done with the children while we go to Monte Carlo?"

"We'll leave them with the mother-in-law."

"I wish you wouldn't call my mother that horrid name."

"I thought it would make you cross,"



he laughed. "I say, I really do wish we knew what had become of the Wimples."

"I think they must be all right somehow," Florence said, "or else——"

"Or else she would have arrived to borrow a five pound note. I wonder how Wimple likes it. Well, darling, I must be off to the office. It's all agreed about Easter then. Mother-in-law for the children, Monte Carlo for us, Fisher permitting."

"Go away, go to the office, you bad person."

"Very well," he answered in a patient voice; "but I really do wish Aunt Anne would turn up, I want some more scissors; I lost all those she gave me, and some one stole the case."

"And Catty broke my little velvet cushion. It is clearly time that she turned up."

When Walter had gone, Florence thought of Mrs. North again. "It was rather unkind of me not to be nice to her, for she was very generous to Aunt Anne," she said to herself; "I wonder whether I could go and call upon her now. I might explain that I never dared to mention Madame Celestine's bill."

But she had no time any longer to think of Mrs. North, for there were the inevitable domestic matters to arrange; and then Ethel Dunlop came in, full of her engagement to George Dighton.

"I always imagined it was merely friendship," Florence said, thinking regretfully of the editor.

"Did you," said Ethel brightly; "we thought so ourselves for a long time, I believe; but we found out that we were mistaken. By the way, Florence, you can't think how good Mr. Fisher has been to us."

"Mr. Fisher? well, you don't deserve anything from him."

"No, I don't. Still, it wasn't my fault that he proposed; I never encouraged him. How droll it was of him to come and pour out his troubles to you."

"I think it was manly and dignified," Florence said; "it proved that he wasn't ashamed of wanting to marry you. Did he write a nice letter, Ethel?"

"Yes, very, I think."

"How did he begin?"

"He began, 'My dear Miss Ethel,' and ended up, 'Yours very faithfully,'"

"I am afraid you did lead him on a little bit."

"Indeed I did not. He asked me to come and see his mother when she had this house, and he was always here."

"That was very nice of him," Florence said; "it shows that he is very fond of his mother."

"Oh yes, it was very nice of him," Ethel answered, "and he is very fond of his mother; but I found that he generally came a little before I did, and he always saw me home. I couldn't refuse to let him do so, because he evidently thought it a matter of duty to see that I arrived safely at my own street door. Middle-aged men always seem to think that a girl must get into mischief the moment she is left to her own devices."

"How did he know of your engagement?"

"I wrote and told him. He had been so kind that I felt it was due to him. I told him we should be as poor as church mice, as George would be in a government office all his life, with little to do and less to spend, after the manner of those officials; and he wrote back such a nice letter inquiring into all our affairs and prospects—you would have thought he was our godfather, at least."

"He does that sort of thing to everybody," Florence said; "he is astonishingly kind. He always seems to think he ought to do something for the good of every one he knows."

"Perhaps he mistakes himself for a minor Providence, and goes about living up to it."

"Oh, Ethel!"

"And then," Ethel went on, altogether ignoring the slightly shocked look on her friend's face, "he said that perhaps a word might be put in somewhere for George. He didn't say any more, but I gathered that Cabinet ministers occasionally range themselves round a newspaper office seeking whom they may oblige."

"Oh, dear Ethel!" exclaimed Florence again, "that is just your little exaggerated way."

"Well, at any rate, he thinks he can do something, and he evidently wants to be good to us."

"He seems to delight in doing kind things," Florence answered; "you know how good he was about Walter."

"He ought to have married Mrs. Baines. He would have been much better than Alfred Wimple," with which wise remark Ethel went away, full of her own happiness, and Florence sat down and thought over Mr. Fisher's generosity.

"He is always doing kind things," she said to herself. "It was he who sent Walter to India and perhaps set him up for the rest of his life, and he who gave

that horrid Mr. Wimple work only to find himself cheated and insulted. "I can't think what I shall do whenever I meet Mr. Wimple." But she swiftly dismissed that disagreeable person from her mind, and returned to the consideration of Mr. Fisher's virtues. "He is so unselfish," she thought. "It isn't every one who would try to help on the man for whom he had been refused. Yet it is very odd, that with all his goodness he is not a bit fascinating; I quite understand Ethel's refusing him. I have an idea that very few go out of their way to be good to him. Some people seem to live in the world to give out kindness, and others only to take it in." The reflection felt like a self-reproach. She did so little for others herself, and yet she was always longing to do more in life than merely to take her own share of its enjoyment. She wanted most to help Aunt Anne; she longed to see her, to comfort and soothe her, and perhaps to lend her a little money. She felt convinced that Aunt Anne must want some money by this time, and that she was miserable with Mr. Wimple. "I am so afraid he isn't kind to her," she said to herself; "I am certain he hasn't married her for love, there is some horrid reason that we are not clever enough to guess. I only wish she had never left Mrs. North; she was happy there, and looked so grand driving about and giving presents; and perhaps if she had stayed she might eventually have been able to pay for them." Then, almost against her will, she thought Mrs. North's face was before her again. She could see it quite plainly, lovely, and restless, but with a sad look in the blue eyes that was like an appeal for kindness. "I feel as if there were an aching in her heart for something she has missed in life. But perhaps that is nonsense, or it is only that I don't understand her; we are so different. I have half a mind to go and call on her; I wonder if she would care to see me."

Some more hesitation, some curiosity and kindly feeling, and then Florence put on her prim little bonnet and her best furs, for she remembered Mrs. North's magnificent array and felt that it would not do to look shabby. She took the train from Portland Road to South Kensington, and walked slowly to Cornwall Gardens.

"I won't leave Walter's card," she thought, "or any cards at all if she is out, for though I am glad to go and see her, I don't want to be on visiting terms."

But Mrs. North was at home, and Florence was shown into a gorgeous drawing-

room, all over draperies and bits of color and tall palms and pots of lovely flowers. In the midst of them sat Mrs. North, a little lonely figure by a piled-up wood fire, for the March day was cold and dreary. She rose as her visitor entered and came just a step forward. She was lovelier than ever. Florence saw that in a moment, as with a cry of joyful surprise she held out her hands.

"You!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Mrs. Hibbert, I never thought you would come and see me at all, but now — oh, it is good of you. Did you think how glad I should be?"

"I didn't know whether you would care to see me or not," Florence said, surprised at Mrs. North's delight.

"Care," Mrs. North almost gasped, and Florence fancied that her lip quivered; "indeed I do, only no one — won't you sit down," and she made a cosy corner on a low couch with a pile of soft silk-covered cushions.

"You went away immediately after your visit to me last year, when you were so kind about Madame Celestine," Florence explained, thinking that she too would have a heap of down cushions in her drawing-room.

"Oh, yes, I remember, and did you come to tell me about Mrs. Baines? I should love to hear about her. Was she very angry at my paying the bill?" Florence hesitated. "Do tell me, I don't in the least mind if she was. How furious she would be with me now, and how she would gather her scanty skirts and pass me by in scornful silence," Mrs. North laughed, an almost shrill laugh that seemed to be born of sorrow and pain. She was very strange, Florence thought, and her manner was oddly altered. "Do tell me," she asked again, "was she very angry about the bill?"

"I am ashamed to say that she never knew you had paid it."

"You were afraid to tell her?"

"I never had a good opportunity."

"It doesn't matter a bit. It saved her from being worried; poor thing, that was the chief point. So long as a thing is done, it doesn't matter who does it, unless it's a bad thing. It matters then very much, especially to the person who does it," Mrs. North added, with a little bitter laugh. "The pain of it —" she stopped again, and went on suddenly, "tell me more about Mrs. Baines. Where is she?"

"I don't know."

"Have you not seen her lately?"

"Not for a long time."

"But what has become of her?"

Florence hesitated. "I cannot tell you."

"Dear lady," said Mrs. North, her face merry with sudden fun, "you have not quarrelled with her? A madonna doesn't quarrel, surely? Oh, how rude I am, but you will forgive me, won't you?" She got up from the other end of the couch and rang the bell. "Bring some tea," she said to the servant, "and quickly."

"Don't have tea for me, please —" Florence began.

"Oh yes, yes," Mrs. North said entreatingly, "I feel, dear Mrs. Hibbert, that we are going to talk scandal, therefore we must have tea. I have had enough scandal lately," she added, with a sigh, "but still, when it isn't about oneself it is so exhilarating, as Mrs. Baines would have said; now please go on."

"Go on with what?" Mrs. North pulled out her little lace handkerchief and twirled it into a ball in her excitement.

"About Mrs. Baines. There is some exciting news, I know it, I feel it in the air. Ah, here's the tea. I will pour it out first, and then while we drink it, you must tell me about her. Some sugar and cream, there — now we look more cosy. Where is the old lady? What have you done with her? You have not locked her up?" she asked demurely.

"No," laughed Florence, thinking how good the tea was, and how pretty were the cups and the little twisted silver spoons. "I have not locked her up."

"And you have really not quarrelled with her?"

"No," answered Florence, a little doubtfully. "Though I fear that she is angry with me for what she called my lack of sympathy. Really, Mrs. North, I don't know how to tell you, but the fact is, she is married again."

"No, no," cried Mrs. North. "Oh, it's too lovely! and who is the dear old gentleman?"

"It's a young one," Florence laughed, for she could not help being amused. "I don't know if you ever saw him — Mr. Wimple?" Mrs. North rocked to and fro with wicked delight, till the last two words came, then she grew quite grave.

"Oh, but I am sorry," she said, "for I have seen him, and he didn't look nice, he looked — rather horrid."

"I am afraid he did," Florence agreed regretfully.

"Do tell me all about it;" but the only account that Florence was able to give did

not satisfy Mrs. North. "You must have seen something of the love-making beforehand?" she urged.

"I am afraid I saw nothing of that either," Florence explained, "for I was in London, and she was at the cottage."

"I thought she liked him when she was here," Mrs. North said, "but of course I never dreamt of her being in love with him. She used to meet him and go to contemplate the Albert Memorial. Sometimes when I was out alone I drove by them, but I pretended to be blind, for I did not want to invite him here; he was so unattractive. He called once, but I did not encourage him to come again. I would give anything to see them together. If I knew where she lived I would brave everything, and call upon her, though she probably wouldn't let me in."

Then Florence began to be a little puzzled. What did Mrs. North mean? Had she done anything bad? Had she been worse than a little frivolous in the absence of her husband? Almost without knowing it she looked up and said, "Is Mr. North quite well?" The color flew to Mrs. North's cheeks.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," she answered coldly; "I have not inquired after his health lately."

"I thought perhaps he had returned by this time."

"Returned," Mrs. North said, "he did return, of course — you know that — that. I have not the least idea where he is now. Naturally, it's no concern of mine." Florence looked at her bewildered, and Mrs. North looked back at her for a minute in silence. Then she got up, and stood leaning against the mantelpiece, which was covered with flowers and bric-a-brac.

"Mrs. Hibbert," she said, and it seemed as if her lips moved reluctantly, but she showed no other sign of emotion, "you know what has happened to me, do not you?"

"No," answered Florence breathlessly, and she stood up too. Mrs. North glanced quickly at the door, almost as if she expected to see her visitor flee towards it.

"Mr. North divorced me," she said very slowly.

"I didn't know," Florence answered, and began to put on her glove.

"I thought you didn't," Mrs. North said, with another bitter laugh. "I knew you didn't, and yet deep down in the bottom-most corner of my heart I hoped you did."

"You must forgive me for saying that

if I had I should not have come, though I am very, very sorry for you."

"As a judge is when he sends a prisoner into solitary confinement, or to be hanged, and turns away to his own comfortable life?" Florence buttoned her glove. "And you will never come to see me again, of course?"

"I do not think I can," Florence said gently.

"I don't want you," Mrs. North answered quickly, while her cheeks burnt a deeper and deeper red. "It was only a test question."

"I am very sorry for you," Florence said again, "very, very; you are so young, and you seem to have no one belonging to you. But there are some things that are impossible if —"

"Oh, I know," Mrs. North burst out, "I know. My God! and this is a Christian country. Yes, wait," she said, for she fancied Florence was going; "I know you are kind and gentle, and you are — good," she added almost as an after-thought, "and you and the women like you try very hard to keep your goodness close among yourselves, and never to let one scrap of it touch women like me. Tell me," she asked, "did you marry the man you loved best in the world?"

"Yes," Florence answered unwillingly, rather afraid of being dragged into an argument.

"Then you have never known any temptation to do wrong. Where does the merit of doing right come in?"

"I would rather not discuss it," Florence said gently, but coldly.

"Oh, but let me speak, not for my own sake, for I shall be strong enough to make some sort of life for myself after a time; but for the sake of other women who may be in my position, and judged as you judge me. My mother died when I was sixteen; when I was eighteen I was persuaded to marry a man old enough to be my father. After a time he grew tired of me. I suppose I wasn't much of a companion to him. He went abroad, and left me alone again and again. At first my sister was with me; she married and went away. Mrs. Baines came a little while before that —" She stopped, as if unable to go on without some encouragement.

"Yes?" Florence said, listening almost against her will.

"And I was young and inexperienced. How could I know the danger in so many things that amused me? At last I fell in love; I had been so lonely, I was so tired,

and I had never loved any one in my whole life before."

"But you knew that it was wrong. You were married."

"Oh, yes, but the paths of virtue had been deadly dull, and trodden with a man I did not love and whom I had been made to marry. The man I loved was young and handsome, and a soldier. The rest of the story was natural even if it was wicked."

"And then?" asked Florence wonderingly.

"Then my husband came back, and there were the usual details."

"And the man?"

"He has gone to India with his regiment. He telegraphed over, 'no defence,' and that was the end of it."

"I hope he will come back and make you reparation."

"He has not written me a line yet,"

Mrs. North said, and the tears came into her eyes for a moment, "not a word, not a sign. Perhaps he is dead. India is a country that swallows up many histories, or perhaps," she added desperately, "he too despises me now. People flee from me as if I had the plague," she added, with the odd laugh again. "Oh, there are no people in the world who encourage wickedness as do the strictly virtuous."

"Don't say that," Florence answered, "for indeed it is not true."

"But it is," Mrs. North said eagerly. "I have proved it; once do wrong, and men and women seem to combine to prevent you from ever doing right again. You can't make a Magdalen of me," and she held out her hands. "I am young, I am a girl still, you can't expect me to go into sackcloth and ashes all my life; and that in solitude. I wanted to be happy, I was hungry for happiness —"

"I hope you will get some still, but —"

"How can I? Men shun me, unless they want to make me worse, and women fly from me as if they feared their own respectability would vanish at the mere sight of me. It seems to be made of brittle stuff."

"It is not that," Florence interrupted, "but a difference must be made, there must be some punishment, something done to prevent —"

"Oh yes, I know that, but some little mercy might be shown, some help — or forgiveness. So many women go on doing wrong, because they cannot bear the treatment of that portion of the world which has remained unspotted or unfound out. Oh, the cruelty of good women! I

sometimes think that it is only the people who have sinned, or who have suffered, who really know how to feel."

"That is not true —" Florence began, but Mrs. North did not heed her.

"Do you know," she went on, speaking under her breath, "I am so sorry for women now, that I believe I could kneel down beside a wicked, drunken creature in a gutter, and kiss her, and bring her back and be tender to her in the hope of making her better. For I understand not only the sin, but the pain and the misery, and the good people, and all else that have driven her there."

"I think you must let me go away," Florence said gently, determined to end the interview.

"Oh yes, you had better go." Mrs. North put the backs of her hands against her flushed cheeks to cool them. "My tea has not poisoned you, and I have not 'contaminated you,' as Mrs. Baines would say. If you ever think of me in the midst of your own successful life, believe this, that if I had had all that you have had I might have been as good as you; who knows? As it is, I have my choice between isolation with a few breaths of occasional scorn, or the going farther along a road on which no doubt you think I am well started."

"Please let me go," Florence said gently, almost carried away by Mrs. North's beauty when she looked up at her face, but feeling that she ought to stand by the principles which had been almost a religion to her. "This has been so painful, I am sure you must want to be alone."

"Oh yes, it has been painful enough, but it has been most instructive also," Mrs. North said, and then she added gently, "I think I would rather you go now. Yes, please go," she entreated suddenly, while a sob choked her, and she dabbed her tears with her little lace handkerchief, vainly struggling to laugh again.

"I think it would be better," Florence said; "but perhaps some day if I may — I will —" She stopped, for she felt that she ought to consult her husband before she promised to come again.

"Oh yes, I understand," Mrs. North said, "you will come again if you can; but if you don't, it will only increase my respect for goodness. I shall think how precious it is, how valuable, it has to be guarded like the Koh-i-noor. Good-bye, Mrs. Hibbert, good-bye." She rang the bell and bowed almost haughtily, so that Florence felt herself dismissed.

"Good-bye," the latter said, and slowly turned from the room. Somehow she knew that Mrs. North watched her until the door had half closed, and then threw herself a little miserable heap among the silk cushions. But she was half-way down the stairs before she realized this, and then the servant was waiting to show her out.

"Oh, I was cold and cruel," she thought, when the street door had closed behind her, "but I could not help it; there is no sin in the world that seems so awful as that one."

#### CHAPTER XV.

"I CAN understand what you felt," Walter said, when he heard of Florence's interview with Mrs. North; "still, I wish we could do something for her."

"It has made me miserable; but I don't quite see what we can do. We can't invite her here — who would come to meet her? As for my going to see her again, I would go willingly if I thought I should do her any good; but I don't think she would care about my going. She imagines I am good and disagreeable."

"Poor Floggie! Perhaps you might write her a little letter and then let it drop."

"I'll wait till I hear some news about Aunt Anne, then I will write, and try to make my letter rather nice." This excuse was soon given her.

Mrs. Burnett, Mr. Fisher's Witley friend, called to see Florence one afternoon.

"I thought, perhaps, you would come for a drive with me," she said; "it is lovely in the park to-day — such beautiful sunshine."

"It would be delightful," Florence answered, for she always liked Mrs. Burnett, "but I am afraid I must go to tea with a cousin in Kensington Gore; for I promised to meet Walter there, and have a walk afterwards."

"Let me take you there, at any rate?"

"That would be very kind," Florence said, and in five minutes they were on their way.

"Have you seen Mr. Fisher lately?" Mrs. Burnett asked, as they drove across the park.

"I saw him two or three weeks ago."

"He has grown very grave and silent. I have an idea that he fell in love with a rather handsome girl who used to come and see his mother. I think she was a friend of yours, Mrs. Hibbert."



"He doesn't look like a man to fall in love," Florence said, not wishing to betray Mr. Fisher's confidence.

"Oh, but you never know what is going on inside people, their feelings are so often at variance with their appearance. My husband said once that he sometimes thought that people drew lots for their souls, for they so seldom matched with their bodies."

"Perhaps they do, and for their hearts as well. It would account for the strange capacity some people have for loving, though you have only to look at them to see it is hopeless that they should be loved back again."

"I know, and it is terrible that love should so often depend, as it does, on the chance arrangement of a little flesh and blood—for that is what beauty amounts to."

"Oh, but we don't always love beauty."

"No, not always," Mrs. Burnett answered; "but the shape of a face, for instance, will sometimes prevent our love going to a very beautiful soul."

"And a few years and wrinkles will make love ridiculous or impossible," Florence said, thinking of Aunt Anne. Oddly enough, Mrs. Burnett evidently thought of her too, for she asked:—

"Has your aunt been at the cottage at Witley lately?"

"No," answered Florence; but she did not want to discuss Aunt Anne. "My children often remember the donkey cart," she said; "it was a great joy to them."

"I am very glad," Mrs. Burnett answered. "When you go to Witley again I hope you will use the pony."

"What has become of the donkey?"

"We were obliged to sell it. It would not go at all at last. We are not going to Witley ourselves till July; so meanwhile I hope you will use the pony. Only, dear Mrs. Hibbert, don't let him go too fast up hill, for it spoils his breath; and we never let him gallop down hill for fear of his precious knees."

"I will be very careful," Florence was rather amused.

"I'm afraid we don't let him go too fast even on level ground," Mrs. Burnett laughed, "for he's a dear little pony, and we should be so grieved if he came to any harm."

"Perhaps he would be safer always standing still," Florence laughed back.

"Oh, but then he might catch cold," Mrs. Burnett said; "but do remember, dear Mrs. Hibbert, when you are going to Witley, that you have only to send a card

the night before to the gardener, and he will meet you at the station."

"Thank you," Florence answered, "only I shall be rather afraid to use him for fear of accidents."

"Oh, but you needn't be; and we are so glad to have him exercised. Perhaps Mrs. Baines would like to drive him? Why, we are at Kensington Gore already; it has been delightful to have you for this little drive. Good-bye, dear Mrs. Hibbert."

Walter was waiting for Florence at the cousin's. He gave her a sign not to stay too long.

"We so seldom get a walk together," he said, when they were outside, "that it seemed a pity to waste our time under a roof. Let us go inside the park," and they crossed over.

"How lovely it is," Florence said, "with the tender green coming out on the trees. The brown boughs look as if they were sprinkled with it. And what a number of people are about. The park is beginning to have quite a season-like look."

"Do you remember how Aunt Anne used to come and contemplate the Albert Memorial?" Walter asked. "By the way, Fisher was talking to-day about Wimple; he is very sore about him."

"It was very vexing; I wish we had never seen him, don't you?"

"What, Wimple? I should think so. I asked Fisher if he knew his address; he says the last time he heard of him he was somewhere near the Gray's Inn Road. I wonder if she was with him."

"Walter!" exclaimed Florence, and she almost clutched his arm, "I believe she is over there. Perhaps that is why she has been running in our thoughts all day."

A little distance off on a bench, under a tree, sat a spare black figure, with what looked like a cashmere shawl pulled round the slight shoulders. Limp and sad enough the figure looked; there was an expression of loneliness in every line of it.

"It is very like her," Walter said. They went a little nearer; they were almost beside her; but they could not see her face, which was turned away from them.

"Oh, it must be she," Florence said, in a whisper. Perhaps she heard their footsteps, for the black bonnet turned slowly round, and sure enough there was the face of Aunt Anne. Thin and sad and woe-begone enough it looked.

"Aunt Anne! Dear Aunt Anne! we have been longing to see you. Why have



you left us all this time without a sign?" and Florence put her arms round the thin form.

"Aunt Anne! Why, this is good luck," Walter exclaimed.

"My dear Florence, my dear Walter," the old lady said, looking at them with a half-dazed manner, "bless you, dear children; it does me good to see you."

"You don't deserve it, you know," said Walter tenderly, "for cutting us."

"It wasn't my fault, dear Walter," she answered; "you and Florence and the dear children have been constantly in my thoughts; but we have had many unavoidable anxieties since our marriage; besides, I was not sure that you desired to see me again."

"Why, of course we did. But you don't deserve to see us again after leaving us alone all this long time. Where is Wimple?"

"He is at Liphook," she answered. "He is not strong, and finds the air beneficial to him."

"It was always beneficial to him," Walter said dryly.

"He ought not to leave you alone, dear Aunt Anne, you don't look well," Florence said.

"I am very frail, my love," Aunt Anne answered; "but that is all. London air is never detrimental to me as it is to Alfred. He finds that Liphook invigorates him, and he frequently goes there for two or three days; but as our means are not adequate to defray the expenses of much travelling, I remain in town." "Walter," she asked, looking up with a touch of her old manner, "did you enjoy your visit to India? I hope you have most pleasant recollections of your journey."

"I'll tell you what, Floggie dear," Walter said, not answering Aunt Anne's question, "we'll take her back with us at once."

"Oh, no, my love," the old lady began, "it is impossible."

"How can it be impossible, dear Aunt Anne?" Florence asked gaily; "you are evidently all alone in London; so we'll run away with you. The children are longing to see you, and I want to show you all the things Walter brought from India. There is a little ivory elephant for you."

"It was just like him to think of me," the old lady said, with a flicker of the old brightness; but in a moment her sadness returned, and Walter noticed that there was almost a cowed expression on her face. It went to his heart, and gave him a mighty longing to thrash Wimple.

"You must come at once," he said, putting on an authoritative manner; "then you can tell us all your news, and we will tell you all ours. There, put your arm in mine, and Florence shall go the other side to see you don't escape."

"He is just the same. He makes me think of his dear father," Aunt Anne said, as she walked between them; "and of that happy day at Brighton years and years ago now, when I met you both on the pier. Do you remember, my dear ones?"

"Of course we do," said Walter, "and how victoriously you carried us off then just as we are carrying you off now."

"Oh, he's just the same," the old lady repeated.

From The Nineteenth Century.

#### THE TUSCAN SCULPTURE OF THE RENAISSANCE.

WE are all of us familiar with the two adjacent rooms at South Kensington which contain, respectively, the casts from antique sculpture and those from the sculpture of the Renaissance; and we are familiar also with the sense of irritation or of relief which accompanies our passing from one of them to the other. This feeling is typical of our frame of mind towards various branches of the same art, and, indeed, towards all things which might be alike, but happen to be unlike. Times, countries, nations, temperaments, ideas, and tendencies, all benefit and suffer alternately by our habit of considering that if two things of one sort are not identical, one must be in the right and the other in the wrong. The act of comparison evokes at once our innate tendency to find fault; and having found fault we rarely perceive that, on better comparing, there may be no fault at all to find.

Thus: Renaissance sculpture is unrestful, huddled, lacking selection of form and harmony of proportions; it reproduces ugliness and perpetuates effort; it is sometimes grotesque, and frequently vulgar. Or again: antique sculpture is conventional, insipid, monotonous, without perception for the charm of detail or the interest of individuality; it is afraid of movement and expression, and at the same time indifferent to outline and grouping; it gives us florid nudités which never were alive, and which are doing and thinking nothing whatever.

Thus, according to which room or which

mood we enter first, we are sure to experience either irritation at wrongheadedness or relief at right doing, when we pass from the sculpture of ancient Greece to the sculpture of mediæval Italy, or *vice versâ*.

But a more patient comparison of these two branches of sculpture, and of the circumstances which made each what it was, will enable us to enjoy the very different merits of both, and will teach us also something of the vital processes of the particular spiritual organism which we call an art.

In the early phase of the philosophy of art—a phase lingering on to our own day in the works of certain critics—the peculiarities of a work of art were explained by the peculiarities of character of the artist; the paintings of Raphael and the music of Mozart partook of the gentleness of their life, while the figures of Michelangelo and the compositions of Beethoven were the outcome of their misanthropic ruggedness of temper. The insufficiency, often the falseness, of such explanations became evident when critics began to perceive that the works of one time and country usually possessed certain common peculiarities which did not correspond to any resemblance between the characters of their respective artists; peculiarities so much more dominant than any others that a statue or a picture, which was unsigned and of obscure history, was constantly attributed to half-a-dozen contemporary sculptors or painters by half-a-dozen equally learned critics. The recognition of this fact led to the substitution of the *environment* (the *milieu* of Monsieur Taine) as an explanation of the characteristics, no longer of a single work of art, but of a school or group of kindred works. Greek art henceforth was the serene outcome of a serene civilization of athletes, poets, and philosophers, living with untroubled consciences in a good climate, with slaves and helots to char for them while they ran races, discussed elevated topics, and took part in Panathenaic processions, riding half naked on prancing horses, or carrying olive branches and sacrificial vases in honor of a divine patroness of their city in whom they believed only as much as was agreeable. And the art of the Middle Ages was the fantastic, far-fetched, and often morbid production of nations of crusaders and theologians, burning heretics, worshipping ladies, seeing visions and periodically joining hands in a vertiginous death-reel, whose figures were danced from country to country. This new explanation, while

undoubtedly less misleading than the other one, has the disadvantage of straining the characteristics of a civilization or of an art in order to tally with its product or producer; it forgets that antiquity was not wholly represented by the frieze of the Parthenon, and that the Gothic cathedrals and the frescoes of Giotto had characteristics more conspicuous than morbidity and insanity.

Moreover, in the same way that the old personal criticism was unable to account for the resemblance between the works of different individuals of the same school, so the theory of the environment fails to explain certain qualities possessed in common by various schools of art and various arts which have arisen under the pressure of different civilizations; and it is obliged to slur over the fact that the sculpture of the time of Pericles and Alexander, the painting of the early sixteenth century, and the music of the age of Handel, Haydn and Mozart, are all very much more like one another in their serene beauty than they are any of them like the other productions, artistic or human, of their environment. Behind this explanation there must therefore be another; not controverting the portion of truth it contains, but completing it by the recognition of a relation more intimate than that of the work of art with its environment; the relation of form and material. The perceptions of the artist, what he sees and how he sees it, can be transmitted to others only through processes as various as themselves; hair seen as color is best imitated with paint, hair seen as form with twisted metal wire. It is as impossible to embody certain perceptions in some stages of handicraft as it would be to construct a complex machine in a rudimentary condition of mechanics. Certain modes of vision require certain methods of painting, and these require certain kinds of surface and pigment. Until these exist, a man may see correctly, but he cannot reproduce what he is seeing. In short, the work of art represents the meeting of a mode of seeing and feeling (determined partly by individual characteristics, partly by those of the age and country) and of a mode of treating materials, a craft which may itself be, like the mind of the artist, in a higher or lower stage of development.

The early Greeks had little occasion to become skilful carvers of stone. Their buildings, which reproduced a very simple wooden structure, were ornamented with little more than the imitation of the origi-

nal carpentering; for the Ionic order, poor as it is of ornament, came only later, and the Corinthian, which alone offered scope for variety and skill of carving, arose only when figure sculpture was mature. But the Greeks, being barely in the iron period (and iron, by the way, is the tool for stone), were great moulders of clay and casters of metal. The things which later ages made of iron, stone, or wood, they made of clay or bronze. The thousands of exquisite utensils, weapons, and toys in our museums make this apparent; from the bronze greaves delicately modelled like the legs they were to cover, to the earthenware dolls, little Venuses, exquisitely dainty, with articulated legs and go-carts.

Hence the human figure came to be imitated by a process which was not sculpture in the literal sense of carving. It is significant that the Latin word whence we get *effigy* has also given us *ficile*, the making of statues being thus connected with the making of pots; and that the whole vocabulary of ancient authors shows that they thought of statuary not as akin to cutting and chiselling, but to moulding (*πλάσσω* = *figo*), shaping out of clay on the wheel or with the modelling tool.\* It seems probable that marble work was but rarely used for the round until the fifth century; and the treatment of the hair, the propping of projecting limbs and drapery, makes it obvious that a large proportion of the antiquities in our possession are marble copies of long-destroyed bronzes. So that the Greek statue, even if eventually destined for marble, was conceived by a man having the habit of modelling in clay.

Let us turn from early Greece to mediæval Italy. Hammered iron had superseded bronze for weapons and armor, and silver and gold, worked with the chisel, for ornaments. On the other hand, the introduction from the East of glazed pottery had banished to the art of the glass-blower all fancy in shaping utensils. There was no demand in common life for cast metal work, and, there being no demand for casting, there was no practice either in its cognate, preliminary art of moulding clay. Hence, such bronze work as originated was very unsatisfactory; the lack of skill in casting, and the consequent

elaboration of bronze work with the file, lasting late into the Renaissance. But the men of the Middle Ages were marvelously skilful carvers of stone. Architecture, ever since the Roman time, had given more and more importance to sculptured ornament; already exquisite in the early Byzantine screens and capitals, it developed through the elaborate mouldings, traceries and columns of the Lombard style into the art of elaborate reliefs and groups of the full-blown Gothic; indeed, the Gothic church in Italy, more particularly, is the work no longer of the mason, but of the sculptor. It is no empty coincidence that the hillside villages which still supply Florence with stone and with stone-masons should have given their name to three of its greatest sculptors, Mino da Fiesole, Benedetto da Maiano, and Desiderio da Settignano; that Michelangelo should have told Vasari that the chisel and mallet had come to him with the milk of his nurse, a stone-cutter's wife from those same slopes, down which jingle to-day the mules carting ready-shaped stone from the quarries. The mediæval Tuscans, the Pisans of the thirteenth, and the Florentines of the fifteenth century, evidently made small wax or clay sketches of their statues; but their works are conceived and executed in the marble; and their art has come out of the stone, without interposition of other material, even as the figures which Michelangelo chopped, living and colossal, direct out of the block.

The Greek, therefore, was a moulder of clay, a caster of bronze, in the early time when the art acquires its character and takes its direction; in that period, on the contrary, the Tuscan was a chaser of silver, a hammerer of iron, above all a cutter of stone. Now clay (and we must remember that bronze is originally clay) means the modelled plane and succession of planes smoothed and rounded by the finger, the imitation of all nature's gently graduated swellings and depressions, the absolute form as it exists to the touch; but clay does not give interesting light and shade, and bronze is positively blurred by high lights; and neither clay nor bronze has any resemblance to the texture of human limbs or drapery; it gives the form, but not the stuff. It is the exact reverse with marble. Granulated like a living fibre, yet susceptible of a delicate polish, it can imitate the actual substance of human flesh, with its alternations of opacity and luminousness; it can reproduce, beneath the varied strokes of the

\* I am indebted for these particulars to my friend Miss Eugénie Sellers, whose studies of the ancient authorities on art—Lucian, Pausanias, Pliny, and others, will be the more fruitful that they are associated with knowledge—uncommon in archæologists—of more modern artistic processes.

chisel, the grain, running now one way, now another, which is given to the porous skin by the close-packed bone and muscle below. Moreover, it is so docile, so soft, yet so resistant, that the iron can cut it like butter or engrave it lightly like agate; so that the shadows may pour deep into chasms and pools, or run over the surface in a network of shallow threads; light and shade becoming the artist's material as much as the stone itself.

The Greek, as a result, perceived form not as an appearance, but as a reality; saw with the eye the complexities of projection and depression perceivable by the hand. His craft was that of measurements, of minute proportion, of delicate concave and convex—in one word, of *planes*. His dull, malleable clay, and ductile, shining bronze had taught him nothing of the way in which light and shadow corrode, blur, and pattern a surface. His fancy, his skill, embraced the human form like the gypsum of the moulder, received the stamp of its absolute being. The beauty he sought was concrete, actual, the same in all lights and from all points of view; the comely man himself, not the beautiful marble picture.

The marble picture, on the other hand—a picture in however high and complete relief—a picture for a definite point of view, arranged by receiving light projected at a given angle on a surface cut deep or shallow especially to receive it—was produced by the sculpture that spontaneously grew out of the architectural stone-cutting of the Byzantine and Lombard schools. The mouldings on a church, still more the stone ornaments of its capitals, pulpit, and choir rails, seen, as they are, each at various and peculiar heights above the eye, under light which, however varying, can never get behind or above them if outdoor, below or in flank if indoor—these mouldings, parts of a great architectural pattern of black and white, inevitably taught the masons all the subtle play of light and surface, all the deceptions of position and perspective. And the mere manipulation of the marble taught them, as we have seen, the exquisite finenesses of surface, texture, crease, accent, and line. What the figure actually was—the real proportions and planes, the actual form of the model—did not matter; no hand was to touch it, no eye to measure; it was to be delightful only in the position which the artist chose, and in no other had it a right to be seen.

These were the two arts, originating from a material and a habit, of work which

were entirely different, and which produced artistic necessities diametrically opposed. It might be curious to speculate upon what would have resulted had their position in history been reversed; what statues we should possess had the marble-carving art born of architectural decoration originated in Greece; and the art of clay and bronze flourished in Christian and mediæval Italy. Be this as it may, the accident of the surroundings—of the habits of life and thought which pressed on the artist, and combined with the necessities of his material method—appears to have intensified the peculiarities organic in each of the two sculptures. I say *appears*, because we must bear in mind that the combination was merely fortuitous, and guard against the habit of thinking that because a type is familiar, it is therefore alone conceivable.

We all know all about the antique and the mediæval *milieu*. It is useless to recapitulate the influence, on the one hand, of antique civilization with its southern outdoor existence, its high training of the body, its draped citizens, naked athletes, and half-clothed work folk, its sensuous religion of earthly gods and muscular demigods; or the influence, on the other hand, of the more complex life of the Middle Ages, essentially northern in type, sedentary and manufacturing, huddled in unventilated towns, with its constant preoccupation, even among the most sordid grossness, of the splendor of the soul, the beauty of suffering, the ignominy of the body, and the dangers of bodily prosperity. Of all this we have heard even too much, thanks to the picturesqueness which has recommended the milieu of Monsieur Taine to writers more mindful of literary effect than of the philosophy of art. But there is another historical circumstance whose influence, in differentiating Greek sculpture from the sculpture of mediæval Italy, can scarcely be overrated. It is that, whereas in ancient Greece sculpture was the important, fully developed art, and painting merely its shadow, in mediæval Italy painting was the art which best answered the requirements of the civilization, the art struggling with the most important problems; and that painting, therefore, reacted strongly upon sculpture. Greek painting was the shadow of Greek sculpture in an almost literal sense; the figures on wall and vase, carefully modelled, without texture, symmetrically arranged alongside of each other regardless of pictorial pattern, seem indeed to be projected on to the flat surface by the

statues; they are, most certainly, the shadow of modelled figures cast on the painter's mind.

The sculptor could learn nothing new from paintings where all that is proper to painting is ignored: plane always preferred to line, the constructive details, perceptible only as projection, not as color or value (like the insertion of the leg and the thigh), marked by deep lines that look like tattoo marks, and where perspective is almost entirely ignored, at least till a late period. It is necessary thus to examine Greek painting in order to appreciate, by comparison with this negative art, the very positive influence of mediæval painting or mediæval sculpture. The painting on a flat surface — fresco or panel — which became more and more the chief artistic expression of those times, taught men to consider perspective; and, with perspective and its possibility of figures on many planes, grouping; the pattern that must arise from juxtaposed limbs and heads. It taught them to perceive form no longer as projection or plane; but as line and light and shade, as something whose charm lay mainly in the boundary curves, the silhouette, so much more important in one single, unchangeable position than where, the eye wandering round a statue, the only moderate interest of one point of view is compensated by the additional interest of another. Moreover, painting, itself the product of a much greater interest in color than antiquity had known, forced upon men's attention the important influence of color upon form. For, although the human being, if we abstract the element of color, if we do it over with white paint, has indeed the broad, somewhat vague form, the indecision of lines which characterizes antique sculpture; yet the human being as he really exists, with his colored hair, eyes, and lips, his cheeks, forehead, and chin, patterned with tint, has a much greater sharpness, precision, contrast of form, due to the additional emphasis of the color. Hence, as pictorial perspective and composition undoubtedly inclined sculptors to seek greater complexities of relief and greater unity of point of view, so the new importance of drawing and coloring suggested to them a new view of form. A human being was no longer a mere arrangement of planes and of masses, homogeneous in texture and color. He was made of different substances, of hair, skin over fat, muscle or bone, skin smooth, wrinkled, or stubby, and, besides this, he was painted different colors. He had,

moreover, what the Greeks had calmly whitewashed away, an extraordinary and extraordinarily various thing called an eye.

All these differences between the monochrome creature — color abstracted — of the Greeks and the mottled real human being, the sculptors of the Renaissance were led to perceive by their brothers the painters; and having perceived, they were dissatisfied at having to omit in their representation. But how show that they too had seen them?

Here return to our notice two other peculiarities which distinguish mediæval sculpture from antique: first, that mediæval sculpture, rarely called upon for free open-air figures, was forever producing architectural ornament, seen at a given height and against a dark background, and indoor, decoration seen under an unvarying and often defective light; and secondly, that mediæval sculpture was the handicraft of the subtle carver in delicate stone.

The sculpture which was an essential part of Lombard and Gothic architecture, required a treatment that should adapt it to its particular place, and subordinate it to a given effect. According to the height above the eye and the direction of the light, certain details had to be exaggerated, certain others suppressed; a sculptured window, like those of Orsanmichele, would not give the delightful pattern of black and white unless some surfaces were more raised than others, some portions of figure or leafage allowed to sink into quiescence, others to start forward by means of the black rim of undercutting; and a sepulchral monument, raised thirty feet above the spectator's eye, like those inside Sta. Maria Novella, would present a mere intricate confusion unless the recumbent figure, the canopy, and various accessories, were such as to seem unnatural at the level of the eye. Thus, the heraldic lions of one of these Gothic tombs have the black cavity of the jaw cut by marble bars which are absolutely out of proportion to the rest of the creature's body and to the detail of the other features, but render the showing of the teeth even at the other side of the transept. Again, in the more developed art of the fifteenth century, Rossellino, Cardinal of Portugal, has the off side of his face shelved upwards so as to catch the light, because he is seen from below, and the near side would otherwise be too prominent; while the beautiful dead warrior, by an unknown sculptor at Ravenna, has had a portion of



his jaw and chin deliberately cut away, because the spectator is intended to look down upon his recumbent figure. If we take a cast of the cardinal's head and look down upon it, or hang a cast of the dead warrior on the wall, the whole appearance alters, the expression is almost reversed and the features are distorted. On the other hand, a cast from a real head, placed on high like the cardinal's, would become insignificant; and laid at the height of a table, like the dead warrior's, would look lumbering and tumid. Thus, again, the head of Donatello's Poggio, which is visible and intelligible placed high up in the darkness of the Cathedral of Florence, looks as if it had been gashed and hacked with a blunt knife when seen in the cast at the usual height in an ordinary light.

Now this subtle circumventing of distance, height, and darkness; this victory of pattern over place, this reducing of light and shadow into tools for the sculptor, means, as we see from the above examples, sacrificing the reality to the appearance, altering the proportions and planes so rigorously reproduced by the Greeks, means sacrificing the sacred absolute form. And such a habit of taking liberties with what can be measured by the hand, in order to please the eye, allowed the sculptors of the Renaissance to think of their model no longer as the homogeneous *white man* of the Greeks, but as a creature in whom structure was accentuated, intensified, or contradicted by color and texture.

Furthermore, these men of the fifteenth century possessed the cunning carving which could make stone vary in texture, in fibre, and almost in color.

A great many biographical details substantiate the evidence of statues and busts that the sculptors of the Renaissance carried on their business in a different manner from the ancient Greeks. The great development in antiquity of the art of casting bronze, carried on everywhere for the production of weapons and household furniture, must have accustomed Greek sculptors (if we may call them by that name) to limit their personal work to the figure modelled in clay. And the great number of their works, many tediously constructed of ivory and gold, shows clearly that they did not abandon this habit in case of marble statuary, but merely gave the finishing strokes to a copy of their clay model, produced by workmen whose skill must have been fostered by the apparently thriving trade in marble copies of bronzes.

It was different in the Renaissance. Vasari recommends, as obviating certain miscalculations which frequently happened, that sculptors should prepare large models by which to measure the capacities of their block of marble. But these models, described as made of a mixture of plaster, glue, and cloth shavings over tow and hay, could serve only for the rough proportions and attitude; nor is there ever any allusion to any process of minute measurement, such as pointing, by which detail could be transferred from the model to the stone. Most often we hear of small wax models which the sculptors enlarged directly in the stone. Vasari, while exaggerating the skill of Michelangelo in making his David out of a block mangled by another sculptor, expresses no surprise at his having chopped the marble himself; indeed, the anecdote itself affords evidence of the commonness of such a practice, since Agostino di Duccio would not have spoilt the block if he had not cut into it rashly without previous comparison with a model. We hear, besides, that Jacopo della Quercia spent twelve years over one of the gates of St. Petronio; and that other sculptors carried out similar great works with the assistance of one man, or with no assistance at all; a proceeding which would have seemed the most frightful waste of time except in a time and country where half of the sculptors were originally stonemasons and the other half goldsmiths, that is to say, men accustomed to every stage, coarse or subtle, of their work. The absence of replicas of Renaissance sculpture, so striking a contrast to the scores of repetitions of Greek works, proves, moreover, that the actual execution in marble was considered an intrinsic part of the sculpture of the fifteenth century; in the same way as the painting of a Venetian master. Phidias might leave the carving of his statues to skilful workmen, once he had modelled the clay; even as the painters of the merely designing and linear schools, Perugino, Ghirlandaio or Botticelli, might employ pupils to carry out their designs on panel or wall. But in the same way as a Titian is not a Titian without a certain handling of the brush, so a Donatello was not a Donatello, or a Mino not a Mino, without a certain individual excellence in the cutting of the marble.

These men brought, therefore, to the cutting of marble, a degree of skill and knowledge of which the ancients had no notion, as they had no necessity. In their hands the chisel was not merely a second modelling tool, moulding delicate planes,



uniting insensibly broad masses of projection and depression. It was a pencil, which, according as it was held, could force into importance the forms which are outlined in sharp hatchings or let them die away unnoticed in subdued, imperceptible washes. It was a brush which could give the texture and the values of the color; a brush dipped in various tints of light and darkness, according as it poured into the marble the light and the shade, and as it translated into polishings and rough hewings and granulations and every variety of cutting the texture of flesh, of hair, and of drapery; of the blond hair and flesh of children, the coarse flesh and bristly hair of old men, the draperies of wool, of linen, and of brocade. The sculptors of antiquity took a beautiful human being—a youth in his perfect flower, with limbs trained by harmonious exercise and ripened by exposure to the air and sun—and, correcting whatever was imperfect in his individual forms by their hourly experience of similar beauty, they copied in clay as much as clay could give of his perfections; the subtle proportions, the majestic amplex of masses, the delicate finish of limbs, the harmonious play of muscles, the serene simplicity of look and gesture; placing him in an attitude intelligible and graceful from the greatest possible distance and from the largest variety of points of view. And they preserved this perfect piece of loveliness by handing it over to the faithful copyist in marble, to the bronze which, more faithful still, fills every minutest cavity left by the clay. Being beautiful in himself, in all his proportions and details, this man of bronze or marble was beautiful wherever he was placed, and from wheresoever he was seen; whether he appeared foreshortened on a temple front, or face to face among the laurel-trees; whether shaded by a portico or shining in the blaze of the open street. His beauty must be judged and loved as we should judge and love the beauty of a real human being; for he is the closest reproduction that art has given of beautiful reality, placed in reality's real surroundings. He is the embodiment of the strength and purity of youth, untroubled by the moment; independent of place and of circumstance.

Of such perfection, born of the rarest meeting of happy circumstances, Renaissance sculpture knows nothing. A lesser art, for painting was then what sculpture had been in antiquity; bound more or less closely to the service of architecture;

surrounded by ill-grown, untrained bodies; distracted by ascetic feelings and scientific curiosities, the sculpture of Donatello and Mino, of Jacopo della Quercia and Benedetto da Maiano, of Michelangelo himself, was one of those second artistic growths which use up the elements that have been neglected or rejected by the more fortunate and vigorous efflorescence which has preceded. It failed in everything in which antique sculpture had succeeded; it accomplished what antiquity had left undone. Its sense of bodily beauty was rudimentary; its knowledge of the nude alternately insufficient and pedantic; the forms of Donatello's David and of Benedetto's St. John are clumsy, stunted, and inharmonious; even Michelangelo's Bacchus is but a comely lout. This sculpture has moreover a marvellous preference for ugly old men—gross, or ascetically imbecile; and for ill-grown striplings; except the St. George of Donatello, whose body, however, is entirely encased in inflexible leather and steel, it never gives us the perfection and pride of youth. These things are obvious, and set us against the art as a whole.

But see it when it does what antiquity never attempted; antiquity which placed statues side by side in a gable, balancing one another, but not welded into one pattern; which made relief the mere repetition of one point of view of the round figure, the shadow of the gable group; which, until its decline, knew nothing of the pathos of old age, of the grotesque exquisiteness of infancy, of the endearing awkwardness of adolescence; which knew nothing of the texture of the skin, the silkiness of the hair, the color of the eye.

Let us see Renaissance sculpture in its real achievement.

Here are a number of children by various sculptors of the fifteenth century. This is the tiny baby whose little feet still project from a sort of gaiter of flesh, whose little boneless legs cannot carry the fat little paunch, the heavy big head. Note that its little skull is still soft, like an apple, under the thin floss hair. Its elder brother or sister is still vaguely contemplative of the world, with eyes that easily grow sleepy in their blueness. Those a little older have learned already that the world is full of solemn people on whom to practise tricks; their features have scarcely accentuated, their hair has merely curled into loose rings, but their eyes have come forward from below the forehead, eyes and forehead working together already; and there are great holes

into which you may dig your thumb, in the cheeks. Those of fourteen or fifteen have deplorably thin arms, and still such terrible calves; and a stomach telling of childish gigantic meals; but they have the pert, humorous frankness of Verrocchio's David, who certainly flung a jest at Goliath's unwieldy person together with his stone; or the delicate, sentimental pretty woman's grace of Donatello's St. John of the Louvre, and Benedetto da Maiano's; they will soon be poring over the "Vita Nuova" and Petrarch. Two other St. Johns — I am speaking of Donatello's — have turned out differently. One, the first beard still doubtful round his mouth, has already rushed madly away from earthly loves; his limbs are utterly wasted by fasting; except his legs, which have become incredibly muscular from continual walking; he has begun to be troubled by voices in the wilderness — whether of angels or of demons? and he flies along, his eyes fixed on his scroll, and with them fixing his mind on un-earthly things; he will very likely go mad, this tempted saint of twenty-one. Here he is again, beard and hair matted, almost a wild man of the woods, but with the gravity and self-possession of a preacher; he has come out of the wilderness, overcome all temptations, his fanaticism is now militant and conquering. This is certainly not the same man, but perhaps one of his listeners, this old King David of Donatello — a man at no time intelligent, whose dome-shaped head has taken back, with the thin white floss hair that recalls infancy, an infantine lack of solidity; whose mouth is drooping already, perhaps after a first experience of paralysis; and his eyes getting vague in look; but who, in this intellectual and physical decay, seems to have become only the more full of gentleness and sweetness; misnamed David, a Job become reconciled to his fate by becoming indifferent to himself, an Ancient Mariner, who has seen the water-snakes and blessed them and been filled with blessing.

These are all statues or busts intended for a given niche or bracket, a given portico or window, but in a measure free sculpture. Let us now look at what is already decoration. Donatello's Annunciation, the big coarse relief in friable grey stone (incapable of a sharp line), picked out with delicate gilding; no fluttering or fainting, the angel and the virgin grave, decorous, like the neighboring pilasters. Again, his organ loft of flat relief, with granulated groundwork; the

flattened groups of dancing children making, with deep, wide shadows beneath their upraised, linked arms, a sort of human trellis-work of black and white. Mino's Madonna at Fiesole: the relief turned and cut so as to look out of the chapel into the church, so that the Virgin's head, receiving the light like a glory on the pure, polished forehead, casts a nimbus of shadow round itself, while the saints are sucked into the background, their accessories only, staff and gridiron, allowed to assert themselves by a sharp shadow; a marvellous vision of white heavenly roses, their pointed buds and sharp spines flourishing on martyrs' blood and incense, grown into the close lips and long eyes, the virginal body and thin hands of Mary. From these reliefs we come to the compositions, group inside group, all shelving into portico and forest vista, of the pulpit of Sta. Croce, the perspective bevelling it into concavities, like those of panelling; the heads and projecting shoulders lightly marked as some carved knob or ornament; to the magnificent compositions in light and shade, all balancing and harmonizing each other, and framed round by garlands of immortal blossom and fruit, of Ghiberti's gates.

Nor is this all. The sculpture of the Renaissance, not satisfied with having portrayed the real human being made of flesh and blood, of bone and skin, dark-eyed or flaxen-haired; embodied in the marble the impalpable forms of dreams. Its latest, greatest works are those sepulchres of Michelangelo, whose pinnacle enthrones strange ghosts of warriors, and whose steep sides are the unquiet couch of divinities hewn, you would say, out of darkness and the light that is as darkness.

V. PAGET (*Vernon Lee*).

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE INSURRECTION IN MONGOLIA.

A DISAGREEABLE impression was made on public feeling in the north of China by the execution at Tientsin, on the 20th February, of the two leaders of the insurgents, Yang Yueh-chen and Li Kwan. Not only the *Tsai Li*, or abstinence sect, to which the victims belonged, and which numbers eighty thousand members in the one province of Chihli, but the whole Chinese public, were disposed to regard the two unfortunate men as more sinned against than sinning; and it was even questioned whether their death by judicial

process would exercise that pacifying influence on the rival factions which would be its best justification.

The civil authorities, into whose hands the captives were delivered, and whose duty it was to pass and execute the sentence, were even suspected of participating to a certain extent in the popular feeling. But in matters of State policy sentiment has to yield to the public safety; and the laws and customs of the empire admitted of no alternative in this case, either for the victims or their judges. What is to be done with a rebel but to put him to death? The previous question as to whether the prisoners were indeed rebels against the State had been settled by the military commanders who captured them. As rebels they were taken and brought down to Tientsin; as rebels they were delivered into the custody of the magistrates; and as rebels they must pay the penalty which the law prescribes. To have saved them from this fate would have been to discredit General Yeh, whose conduct of the campaign had been lauded by the emperor, and he himself covered with honors. And who would expose himself to the reproaches of the general, or to the charges which other influential parties, thirsting, not unnaturally, for vengeance, would have levelled at the heads of any weak officials who should dare to interrupt the course of justice? So the two men had to die the death. Yet why only two, since three were captured? Well, the course of justice itself had to be deflected a little in order to save the life of the son while the father suffered; the son, who was in all respects equally guilty, if there be guilt, and who, whether personally guilty or not, had forfeited his life by merely belonging to a rebel family. Such is the stern, and no doubt necessary, principle of Chinese responsibility. For the family, and not the individual, being the true legal unit, nothing short of the extirpation of the family satisfies the requirements of Chinese law where sedition is brought home to any member of it. The grim logic of this law, therefore, had to suffer a little violence that one of the captives might be saved alive.

Yang Yueh-chen, called sixty years of age, was a very wealthy and highly esteemed gentleman, and a scholar. He was in a sense the father of his people, who styled him Yang Laotzu, or the Teacher, and many thousands of them depended on him for their subsistence. In the bleak country where he had settled he had acquired extensive property in land,

which he let out to the thrifty immigrants from Shantung, taking from them such revenues as they were able to pay, according to the season, and supplying them with the necessities of life in seasons when they could gather no crops. In the capacity of headman, he was able to amass wealth as well as to gain social consideration; and it appears he possessed the full confidence of all his retainers. They were bound, he to them and they to him, in the first instance by the strong tie of enlightened self-interest; and their mutual relationship became thus almost what Utopian philosophers depict as the unattainable ideal of human association. They were united, besides, by the more artificial—or mystic?—tie of membership of that great society called Tsai li, of which the members are mutually bound in vows of abstinence from great and small vices, such as the drinking of alcoholic liquor and the smoking of common tobacco. Personal purity and probity necessarily head the list of their virtues, and abstinence from flesh food is one of their tenets. The sect, merely because it is a sect, is under the ban of the government, the Chinese imperial tradition, like that of the Roman Empire, being hostile to every association not recognized by the law. For an analogous reason, many foreign missionaries hold the sect in aversion; virtues which are not derived from the tenets of Christianity being, in their estimation, mere sin of a very hopeless kind—sin of which it is almost impossible to convince the sinner of its sinfulness. The government, as has since appeared, had good practical reasons for looking with suspicion on the Tsai li sect, for their combination for defence and offence was the efficient cause of the recent rising.

For Yang and his hardy colonists had enemies, since envy and strife are the heritage of man. They lived with an alien race who were, so far as the Chinese settlers were concerned, the aborigines of the country. This is a condition to which the men of the Middle State are unhappily exposed in all their borders; for they, the superior race, represent the principle of progress, industry, and regulated life, subjected to economic discipline. The tribes whom they gradually displace are the wild, untamed people, never yet broken to harness, who will endure any hardship, but who are hopelessly improvident, and will not do a day's work. The relations of the respective peoples growing out of these conditions have, so far as the northern frontiers are concerned, been

described by many modern eye-witnesses — most graphically and truly by Huc.

The division between the Chinese and the Mongols is the very oldest division of mankind of which there is any written record. The Mongols are keepers of sheep, while the Chinese are tillers of the ground; and there is not more enmity between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent than there is between these two races of men, wherever they may be found in a state of nature.

To this congenital aversion there was added, in the present case, a definable conflict of interests; for what was gain to the one was, or to their untutored minds seemed to be, loss to the other, and there was no controlling or mediating force to deaden the concussion which their intercourse necessarily produced.

The stream of immigrants from the over-peopled province of Shantung had been pouring into these waste lands of Mongolia for many years. The movement had been discouraged — for that is all that strict prohibition of anything ever amounts to in China — by the imperial government, for reasons not on the face of the thing intelligible, though the late rising has furnished good warrant for the imperial policy. The Chinese, being industrious and enterprising, occupied without opposition the desert lands, which were then of no apparent value to anybody, making, in many cases, with the aborigines the kind of arrangement which the civilized always does make with the uncivilized man — the birthright for the mess of pottage. The Chinese were virtually squatters on the Mongol Reservation, and the traffic, which may be typified by beads and bad whiskey, led to results not dissimilar to those which once in ten years provoke the Indian insurrections in the United States. The Mongols hate and distrust the Chinese profoundly; yet they cannot help dealing with them, though they necessarily get the worst of the bargain. They know this very well, but like a man in a nightmare, they do not know how to avoid it. The title to the occupancy of these lands being so defective in its origin, the crop of troubles which has ensued was as natural as the crops of thistles on a neglected farm in Essex.

In process of time, under the tilth and sweat of the hardy cultivators, the lands which had been desert smiled with waving corn. The Mongols saw this with envy, and detested the interlopers more and more — for the lands they considered as the heritage, natural and unalienable, of

their tribe. Nor would the fact of sales or leases, in which they imagined themselves to have been outwitted, lessen their rage. They would, as even men of higher culture might in the like case, curse their own folly while vowing vengeance on their spoilers. Transfers under government sanction even would scarcely restrain an ignorant people, always in want, from attempting to recover by violence what they would always believe had been taken from them by cunning.

The truth is, the Mongols, having no notion of the sanctity of contract, treated their cultivators most extortionately. One of their commonest forms of arrangement was to let their lands at an agreed rental, and insist on five years' rent being paid in advance. This money was, of course, soon dissipated by people innocent of economy; and long before the expiry of the term they itched to raise more money on their land. If the occupants refused to satisfy the new demands, the Mongols would let the land over their heads, and then make a raid and drive off the first tenants, often confiscating their implements at the same time. This is but one of many phases of the chronic controversy between the two races.

The Chinese, to do them justice, are never averse from paying. They are pre-eminently men of industry, to whom peace is a first necessity, which they are ever ready to purchase, almost "at any price." Whether it be for a missionary riot, or any other form of reclamation made on him, John Chinaman's simple question is, How muchee? It may be taken as certain, therefore, that the immigrants into Mongolia did their best to establish some *modus vivendi* with their Mongol neighbors. They paid tribute to the prince, as they would have done in their native province to the emperor, or overlord, whose land they cultivated, but under what precise conditions is not yet fully disclosed. What is certain is that the prince was never satisfied, and the Chinese represent themselves as having suffered for many years the most intolerable oppression at his hands. It is a well-established principle of the unwritten law of China that *ex nihilo nihil fit*. Ground-rents to land-owners and the land-tax to the Board of Revenue have alike to bend to the exigencies of seasons. In years of scarcity they are either altogether remitted or materially reduced, the accommodation between proprietor and tenant working as by an automatic machine lubricated by constant use. For scarcely a year passes without famine declaring it

self in one district or another of the vast empire. But it is easy to imagine how this self-acting adjustment would fail in a wild region remote from the control of government, where one baron held his sway without a check on his avarice or tyranny.

The other source of bad blood was the depredations of the pastoral Mongols, the clansmen of the chief. These hardy sons of the desert, and of the rugged rocks, contemplating from their coigns of vantage the growing wealth of the detested intruders, could not refrain from making raids on their own account and carrying off the produce of the soil, or levying blackmail whenever they saw an opportunity.

It is not alleged that all the Mongol depredations were directed by the chief; but as he was the only *de facto* executive authority in the district — the official Chinese magistrate being only too glad to avoid being compromised in the quarrel — and he did nothing to prevent the outrages, he must be held primarily responsible. Between the chieftain and his tribesmen the Chinese settlers found their situation becoming every year more unbearable; bad feeling on both sides grew worse continually; until at last, in 1890, the Mongols made a final raid on the cultivators, and set fire to their standing crops. This outrage filled the cup of the Mongol iniquity, and drove the Chinese into a solid combination for defence or for reprisals.

There was another enemy whom the Chinese of those regions, and more particularly those who belonged to the Tsai li sect, had reason to dread — an enemy of their own kindred, but none the kinder on that account — the Christian communities in the neighborhood. The careless observer might suppose that their common pursuit of virtue would create some bonds of sympathy between the Tsai li and the Christians, but human nature is weak on its sympathetic side. Jealousy rather than love is often the outcome of common aspirations. The Tsai li resent the pretensions of a foreign sect, claiming to introduce as new a morality which they already practise; while the Christians are irritated by a society which is virtuous without their aid. Individuals on either side may be respectful and conciliatory, but the two sects as a whole stand apart.

In the course of their common dealings in the market-place, the jealousy of the two sects easily takes an acrimonious turn; and this is intensified to an indefinite degree by the attitude which Chris-

tians usually assume in their intercourse with mere "heathens." For wherever they are numerous the native Christians become bold, and even aggressive, more especially if there is a foreign missionary among them to rally their forces and champion their cause. In a certain section of the district in which the disturbances of last November took place, the Christians form a strong and compact body, and they have been accustomed for years to carry things with a high hand against their pagan neighbors. This they were able to do by working on the fears of the magistrate, who had standing orders from Peking never to allow disputes with the Christians to be heard of. In obedience to these instructions, and to their instinct of self-preservation, the local magistrates were in the habit of deciding such disputes as were brought before them in favor of the Christians, of which favoritism the latter took full advantage. But this course of procedure naturally exasperated the people generally more than it conciliated the Christians. This class of grievances came also at last to a head. Christians were accused of extorting grains from the Tsai li dealers in a time of dearth, and of refusing to redeem long outstanding obligations. Quarrels broke out, with much vituperation on both sides. The bad season, which made it difficult for the debtors to pay, rendered it the more imperative that the creditors should be paid. Recrimination reached a climax in the month of May, 1891, when certain of the Tsai li endeavored to enforce restitution from Christians, who killed one of the claimants with a spear. The next move on the board would naturally be a gathering of the Tsai li for revenge on the Christians; and for this attack accordingly the Christians made extensive preparations, collecting arms and material, and even casting guns within the precincts of their church buildings.

The Tsai li called the attention of the local authorities at Pakow (Ping-chuan district) to these war-like preparations, and informed them of the object; but the magistrate was afraid to meddle with such dangerous matters, and resorted to the characteristically Chinese device of accusing the Christians of something of which they were not guilty, but of which he knew everybody would believe them guilty. Instead of reporting the forging of cannon and hammering of swords, he proclaimed that he had searched the premises and found the cellars filled with children's corpses, without eyes or hearts. And so



the poor man imagined he had very adroitly made himself safe!

Doomed to serve the government in a country with scarcely revenue to bribe a lackey, the magistrate in those outlying regions can in ordinary times do nothing either against a territorial magnate or any organized body. Government was derelict. Such abdication of its functions may well seem to foreigners the expression of the last degree of weakness. Not necessarily so, however. It is rather the hereditary policy of *laissez-faire*, the wasteful Oriental economy of force. And as a debased currency may serve indifferently well the internal needs of a country, while its weakness is only discovered in international commerce, so the slackness of administration which systematically allows abuses to drift into acute crises, and yet suffices for the conduct of affairs at home, is a political currency which will not pass in the intercourse of nations. That is the criterion which exposes and discredits the traditional methods of the Chinese government, and reveals their danger.

Thus, then, three powerful factions, accustomed to settle their business at first hand, confronted each other; the elemental forces of society, with their jagged edges opposed, and no moderating medium between; a region where law and government were in chronic abeyance. Such was eastern Mongolia in the autumn of 1891, and the inevitable explosion was but a question of time and opportunity.

In fine, the people resolved to take up arms, the smaller sects, such as the *Kintan* or Golden Egg, and certain of the Taoists, making common cause with the Tsai li. It was an opportunity for the discharge of accumulated bile in the body social, when the grievances of a generation might be all liquidated, and consequently the levy was of a very composite character.

Whether the fatal resolution was inspired from above or enforced from below, leaders and people were alike compromised. Yang, the chief leader, indeed, tried to keep himself out of sight; but it was from his resources the movement was fed, and his were the counsels by which it was directed, as Li Kwan's were the hands which executed his behests. Ominous threats of further ravages by the Mongol prince are said to have stirred the Chinese to prompt action, so as to anticipate the attack of the enemy.

Once immersed in the conspiracy, the leaders of the Tsai li seem to have become

inspired with grandiose ideas. Having first enlisted the services of their co-religionists in distant Kirin, they, through them, invoked the assistance of the formidable bands known there as the *Chi-ma-tsai*, or mounted robbers, who were induced by the prospect of extensive pillage to throw in their lot with the Tsai li. The development of the movement showed that the leaders dreamed of results more permanent than could be expected from a mere border foray.

The plan of campaign was bold and comprehensive. The two points of attack were, first, the palace of the Mongol prince, Naohan, known as Pei tzü Fu or Prince's Castle, near Chaoyang; and next, the establishments of the Christians at Pakow, within the Ping-chuan magistracy. The two points are a hundred miles apart. Both are within the official prefecture of Jêho, the town of Chaoyang being in the extreme northeast, where the Jêho borders the Fêngtien, or Moukden, prefecture; and Pakow, not far from the city of Jêho, the centre of the prefecture. The whole country is mountainous and bleak, sparsely peopled, poor, and in winter intensely cold; and its wild tracks being only known to the natives, it was reckoned impassable for troops unacquainted with the defiles. The attack was originally planned for the severest season of the year, January, the time when troops were the least likely to be encountered. The calculation was not very wide of the mark, for even in the comparatively mild months of November and December, the casualties from frost-bite and sheer cold were heavy. But they were really the only losses worth speaking of suffered by the imperial troops.

As so often happens, however, in such cases, some accident—of which various accounts are given, perhaps all more or less true—brought on a premature collision which forced the conspirators to precipitate the crisis. They were probably too deeply compromised to draw back if they had wished, but the leaders were sustained by a profound delusion as to the relative resources of the parties. They were no doubt thoroughly acquainted with the Mongol strength, and they had also taken accurate account of that of their Christian countrymen. The Chinese government had almost ceased to be reckoned with. Anxious only to save their own skins, the magistrates were cowering before the Mongols at one place and before the Christians at another; and the Tsai li perhaps scarcely understood how

far the self-effacement of these officials was the result of their standing instructions not to embroil the government with either of its *protégés*. Absorbed in contemplating the objects which pressed on them, they were oblivious of, or perhaps their imagination failed to rise to the conception of, the power which must eventually be brought against them. For as the country had been so long and so systematically left to its own devices, it was not unnatural for them to expect that it would continue to be so left.

The auxiliaries which came down from Kirin brought their families and *impedimenta* with them, as if they meant to stay. Perhaps they had found the conditions of life in the far North not so luxurious but that they were willing to sacrifice them for even the chance of amelioration nearer to the fringe of the settled country.

The first body that moved from Kirin province were intercepted by the military commandant there, and cut to pieces. But the second levy eluded him, and marched to the rallying-point. The whole force was now organized by Yang and Li, whose names were inscribed on the banners, and to whom fealty was sworn for that and any ulterior enterprise to which they might lead the band. The mixed force necessarily included a very large proportion of unarmed rabble, and of volunteers who had no aim beyond personal plunder.

The assault on the Mongol prince was sudden and fierce; he himself was despatched, and his whole family, in true Oriental fashion, exterminated. His palace was of course wrecked and looted. Blood was up, and the boats burned. In the flush of victory the insurgents sought out all the Mongols they could find, and the distinction, owing to the use of Chinese dress and language, not being always clear, the Mongols were tracked by the infallible finger-posts of the Lama temples. This imparted to the movement an iconoclastic character, which, however, was quite adventitious.

The victorious band then marched on and entered the unwallied town of Chaoyang. There was there a solitary English missionary, Mr. J. Parker, who was glad to make his escape with the magistrates of the town — they having no force whatever to withstand the invasion — and who is the only European witness of any of the occurrences in that region. Chaoyang was occupied by the rebels on the 14th November.

An entirely fortuitous episode of the

rising occurred in that same locality, which probably did more than anything else to rouse the anger and the fear of the imperial family. It happened that the Mongol prince, Po-yen-né-mo-hu, the commander of the Peking field force, son of the famous San Ko lin-sin, who resisted the allied forces in their march on Peking in 1860, was present in the neighborhood on some mission connected with the graves of his family, and he had with him a considerable escort. Being a man of martial spirit like his father, he resolved to avenge the massacre of his brother chieftain, and, full of his personal prestige and confident of the prowess of his retainers, he fell upon the victorious Chinese band while their triumph was still fresh. They defeated and massacred him with his whole company. So appalled were the Peking court by this disaster to one of the imperial chamberlains, whose presence was so familiar about the palace, that they dared not divulge the plain fact, but gave out that the prince had died a natural death. It was probably to this untoward incident that the rebels owed their prompt suppression.

It was now the turn of the more westerly division of the insurgent force to make the attack which had been allotted to them against the Christians at Pakow. It was carried out a few days after the capture of Chaoyang. The local magistrate, feeble at all times, was of course paralyzed before such a howling mob, which has been estimated at fifteen hundred strong; and he is accused of giving his sanction to the massacre of the Christians, which, however, in no case he could have prevented. The truth seems to be that the magistrate feigned to fraternize with the rebels in order to disarm them against himself and the official buildings, and lead them into a trap, the more effectually to exterminate them when assistance should arrive. The Christians at any rate were overpowered, notwithstanding the stores of arms which they were reported as having provided for themselves in their religious houses, and were undoubtedly pillaged and severely massacred. According to all accounts, the Christians were handled badly enough.

Nemesis was promptly afoot. The sensitive conscience of the supreme government was reached by two avenues. The Mongol tribes on the Chinese frontier are the special wards of the Chinese emperor, for obvious political reasons; and the murder of the two princes could not go unavenged. The Christian communities,

too, are now as the apple of their eye to the Chinese rulers, for it is from them that troubles with foreign powers emanate. Added to these potent considerations, there was perhaps the vague alarm as to what victorious insurgents might next be inclined to enterprise, if they were allowed to gather strength by a course of unchecked victory. Fears not wholly chimerical! The court becoming thus suddenly alive to the gravity of the crisis, troops were despatched in haste to the scene of disturbance, where they arrived before the rioters had dispersed. The generals were sent to kill, and they killed, if not the actual insurgents, still "in the catalogue they went for men." In plain truth, there was a great slaughter of unarmed people, who could not get out of the way of the soldiery quick enough; for their blood was now up and the backs of a mob of unarmed men is a sight which the Chinese soldier on active service is seldom able to withstand. His instinct of pursuit in such cases is sometimes uncontrollable. Two generals with independent commands were sent against the two flanks of the rebel force. General Yeh, the commander-in-chief of the provincial troops of Chihli, moved on Pakow, where the Christians had been attacked; and General Nieh, also with Chihli troops, advanced on Chaoyang. The force of the latter was swollen by picked troops from the garrison of Port Arthur, which were conveyed to Kin chow by sea. These struck terror into the rebels by the report that they had brought with them two field-guns, which, however, could not be used in such a country. Almost simultaneously the success of both divisions was reported. General Nieh occupied Chaoyang on the 28th November, and fought an action with the rebels, who had evacuated the town, about thirty miles beyond, routing them with great slaughter. General Yeh also dispersed the bands from Pakow and the vicinity of Jêho, with a heavy loss. These successes were vigorously followed up by the military, small bands being hunted out and killed in many places during the winter, and the whole insurgent movement cut up. It is not, however, their actual prowess in battle, for which there was probably little call, that should be remembered to the credit of these troops, but their mobility. The marches they made in a roadless country, bare of all supplies, in terrible cold, were memorable. Their superior arms and drill gave them great confidence, and they were inspired with an eagerness for the fight which is not usual

with Chinese troops, and which rendered them for the occasion invincible. No doubt the memory of their prompt and decisive action will discourage any tendency to insurrection in those regions for some years to come.

To the general Yeh seems to have fallen the chief honor of hunting out the fugitives in the ravines of that rugged country; and he had the good fortune to be apprised, by treachery, of the retreat of the real responsible leaders, Yang and Li. It is said he parleyed with them, and induced them to surrender to him on the promise that if they would only come with him to Tientsin and give a full and true account of the revolt to the viceroy there, they would then be set at liberty. It would be hard to believe that this time-honored *ruse* for getting possession of the persons of Oriental fugitives could possibly have been resorted to, were it not that authentic Chinese history is full of incidents of that kind, where faith is never kept, except when it suits the policy of the government, and yet the trick seems never to lose its freshness.

Three captives were brought down to Tientsin, Yang and his son, and Li Kwan. They were kept about two weeks by the city magistrate, their case was referred to the emperor, the emperor relegated the whole matter to Li Hungchang and the provincial judge; and the two were executed, nominally by the slow process applicable to the crime of parricide, but actually they were despatched promptly, the slicing being done after they had received the *coup-de-grâce*.

Before the sentence was carried out, the prisoners were brought up once before his Excellency the viceroy, and permitted to speak.

Yang, the elder, an educated man of grave aspect, made a short but impressive speech in the hearing of the subordinate officials at the viceroy's *yamen*. He did not attempt to palliate the crime of insurrection, but said since the government had deigned at last to give some attention to his part of the country, they might by a closer investigation discover the true history of the rising, and then it would appear that his guilt was not so heinous as now appeared. He warned the government against allowing his enemies to abuse their triumph over his long-suffering people; and finally declared that, if by his death peace might be purchased for his unhappy country, he cheerfully made the sacrifice.

The final official summing-up of the episode has now appeared in the *Peking Gazette*. A Chinese official statement is always a conventional composition, resembling the actual facts no more than the red or gold lions of heraldry resemble the animal as he exists in the African plains, or even in the Regent's Park menagerie. The substance of the report now published in the *Peking Gazette*, which is in the form of a memorial to the throne from the viceroy, Li Hung-chang, is the depositions of the two leaders who were executed on 20th February. How much of what has been put in their mouths the two *morituri* actually said is quite uncertain; but under the complicated system of distribution of justice prevalent in China, even the declarations of dying men are matters of bargain and social adjustment. This is a part of their business which Chinese officials understand very well indeed — how the inflexible majesty of the law may be vindicated with the least amount of disturbance to their own convenience.

The Chinese official is extremely reluctant to take life, and when obliged to do so, he takes care to cover the act by an indefinite amount of redundant justification, which carries the record of the case far beyond the region of fact. This seems to explain the character of the judicial investigation by the provincial judges of the province of Chihli into the guilt of the leaders, Yang and Li. First, the son of Yang is let off, although taken with his father, because he was declared to have been given for adoption to another family, and to have, moreover, been ignorant of the insurrectionary designs of his father. The brothers and nephews of Yang Yueh-chen are held in custody until the fate of the Mongol prince, Nao-han, is ascertained; while as to his mother and other relatives, inquiries are to be made as to whether they be alive or not, and if alive, they are also to be dealt with according to the fate, yet to be ascertained, of the Mongol prince. For the sake of saving alive the family of Yang, the daring fiction is thus introduced into his deposition that the prince, Nao-han, with his son, escaped, while all the inmates of his palace were put to death, and is only missing, not slain.

But since it was predetermined that Yang himself should be executed, his personal guilt is piled mountains high by his own confession. And in order to justify the campaign of six to eight thousand well-armed troops, and the slaughter they

committed, the resistance of the rebels to the imperial troops at all points is magnified by Yang beyond recognition. He is even made to swell the total numbers of his adherents to twenty thousand. The truth is, there was no resistance and no fighting, but much reckless slaughter of unarmed and mostly innocent people.

The age of Yang is given in his deposition as fifty-one, though he was popularly reckoned as sixty, owing to his white moustache. Li Kwan gave his age as thirty-five.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

# FIVE VOICES FROM AN OLD MUSIC-BOOK.

IN TWO PARTS.

## PART I.

### CHAPTER I.

Angry sounds are crying —  
Harsh reproaches — cruel tauntings;  
And ever and anon a low faint sighing.

A SHORT time ago a kind friend of mine put an old manuscript music-book into my hand. "Take it," he said, "and look at it, and read the songs." And as I did so he told me the history of the lady to whom it had belonged. It was so sad, so touching, that as I am turning over the faded leaves I fancy I can hear the voices even now that once sang from these yellow pages.

There is one voice, the principal one, crying out shrill and clear: "Oh, dear! How he does keep one waiting! What would he say if we only kept him three minutes!"

This voice belongs to a young girl, tall and slight, with quick flashing blue eyes. She is standing in her riding-habit by the hall door, impatiently playing with her riding-whip.

She makes a pretty picture standing there with the big door behind her casting a heavy shadow; inside, there is a great stone hall where grim, gaunt figures in armor, with rude, quaint weapons in their hands, are keeping a ghostly watch. Sticks, and whips, and bludgeons hang on the walls; they are enough to lay about the shoulders of the whole county, as I have no doubt they did once upon a time, if they had only the gift of speech to tell us their histories.

Then another voice comes, nervous and rather slow, very unlike the first quick one. "Are you ready, dear? I saw the horses from my boudoir, and I know how

it puts your father out if he is kept at all, so I thought I would come and see."

"I *never* do keep him, mother. I only wish some one would," was the discontented answer.

"Oh, hush, hush, dear!" And Mrs. Aylmer looked shocked. She was beginning to feel a little uneasy at the familiar way Joyce talked of her father. His very name had a kind of magic for her and filled her with awe; and now to hear their only child fretting, and sometimes even speaking rebelliously, almost made her tremble. Their cousin, Miss Eliza Aylmer, who lived with them, did very often say things that Mrs. Aylmer thought she would have done better to have left alone; but then she was privileged, for she was older than the squire, and had known him all his life. She was Joyce's godmother, too; so, on consideration of the good fortunes that godmothers are generally supposed to bring, and on one or two other matters, the squire was considerate enough not to quarrel with her, as he did with most people, and year after year, to the surprise and jealousy of her other relations, she continued to live on at the Hall.

Now another voice sounds, thick and angry; it is evidently scolding some invisible person.

"Never mind, dear," Mrs. Aylmer whispers. "It was bench day this morning, and something must have put him out."

"Something always does," began the girl; but before she could finish, in came the squire booted and spurred, quite ready for a gallop across country.

"Ready, Joyce? That *is* a wonder. That confounded fellow Rayne came at the last moment about the repairs to the North Lodge. Fellows should come at proper times, and not just as I am going out. He won't a second time, I think. I soon teach them their places — eh, madam?" And then the two rode off.

The squire was wonderfully like his daughter; but where he was strong and obstinate, she was weak and undecided; he was domineering and headstrong, she was passionate but yielding; both were excitable and sensitive; but he had no heart, while she threw her heart into everything that she did. It was generally thrown back to her with a sneering fling, and then, oh, how often she longed to have been born heartless like her father! Her mother was too timid to show her love, and her father laughed at it, and her cousin did not believe in it. And so my heroine grew up without one ray of the

greatest gift that Heaven bestows upon us — that gift which we are told is greater than either faith or hope. Sympathy never came to her, love was denied her, and yet all the time love, and charity, and sympathy were throbbing at her heart.

There is one more voice to sound — but we are not ready to hear it yet — and then all the voices in this little story will have been heard. This new voice that will come presently with its gay, careless ring, was the real cause of this story being written, and of the trouble that fell on Aylmer Hall.

One morning, at breakfast, the squire, cutting some thick slices of beef for his two favorite pointers, who always sat one each side of him, said: —

"I forgot to tell you, madam, I met Lord Cotterville the other day at York. His son is coming this way soon, and he asked me if he might come here for a day or two. Lady Cotterville is a connection of ours, you know, Eliza," he said, turning to his cousin, "and a precious disagreeable woman she was, too; but her son may be nice. So I said yes, and asked Lord Cotterville too; but he can't come — he is on his way to Scotland."

Joyce looked up with a pretty, flushed face. Such a thing had never been heard of before; her father actually inviting a visitor to the house, and the visitor a young man! Why, if she even wanted poor Miss Green, the clergyman's daughter, to be asked to luncheon she had to wait till he was in a good temper, and then take her opportunity of doing it, in some way that would not disturb the rare occurrence of a day without a storm.

"A sad, wild fellow Lord Cotterville was in my day," said Miss Eliza. "He only married Jane for her money, and so I told her. I don't think she has ever liked me since. People are never grateful for good advice, especially where matrimony is concerned."

"You are such an experienced person on that subject," laughed the squire, with a provoking little chuckle.

"It has been *entirely* my own fault, Robert," bridled poor Miss Eliza. "Few, very few people have had more offers in their day than I have, but I have a strong feeling about the duties of wives, and I have never seen any one yet that I felt I could conscientiously obey."

"Hum! I don't think there is much submission about an Aylmer," grinned the squire.

In the mean time pretty Joyce was quite in a flutter. She wondered if she should



have to sing to amuse this young man, as she generally did when guests were staying there. If so, she must put a new ribbon on her guitar and have that out too. They never had music when they were alone, for her father did not like it; but if he went out, then Mrs. Aylmer and her daughter always sat in the big drawing-room, where a harp and a grand piano stood; and then Joyce's clear voice would fill the room and chase away the dreary memories that haunted it, and unawares she peopled it for her mother with friends and reminiscences of earlier days.

Once, Joyce, looking up — she had been singing one of the old songs before me — “*Un jeune troubadour qui chante et fait la guerre, se venait chez son père rêvant à son amour*” — saw that her mother, instead of going on with her knitting, had laid her work aside, and — yes, surely there were some tears quietly stealing down her face.

“Oh, mother dear! Dear, dearest mother! What is the matter?” she cried in her impetuous way, throwing down the stand with her book on it as she rushed to her mother.

“It is nothing, dear; nothing,” she said; “but I was thinking of that song, and of some one — some one” — and here the poor lady blushed almost guiltily — “who once sang it, years ago, dear. I never saw him again. He went off singing it, and I was quite a girl, as young as you are, and ah! *I was a happy girl.*”

Joyce had never seen her mother moved like this before, and she drew a footstool to her feet and laid her pretty, yellow head on her mother's knees.

“Tell me about it, dear,” she said, almost in a protecting tone; it was one she always used to her mother, as if she were some poor pet that she was shielding and caressing.

“It?” said her mother, half-startled. “There is nothing to tell, Joyce. I am a very happy woman, and I married your father when I was eighteen, and — I don't know what to tell.”

“Ah, but he was not ‘*le jeune troubadour qui chante et fait la guerre*,’” said Joyce persistingly. “He had amiable manners, and was not cross and disagreeable all day long. I should have gone mad before a year was over. I know I should.”

“Joyce! Joyce! I can't let you say such things. You must *never* speak like that to me again.” And poor Mrs. Aylmer rose horrified, and rustled herself out of the room to take the safer shelter under

Miss Eliza's cut-and-dried little remarks upon men and manners and the growing ingratitude of the world.

Joyce rose up too, sorry and perplexed. Here had been the beginning of such a pleasant evening, and now it was all over, and her mother was offended, and the music was stopped, and she must go to the other room and wait till bedtime, with endless colors of silk for her embroidery, or yawn through a dreary book till ten o'clock struck, and then they were all ushered into the hall, where the servants were assembled at the end, and where Mrs. Aylmer nervously read prayers when her husband was away.

#### CHAPTER II.

FOR some few weeks after my poor heroine's unlucky little song of the troubadour she left the book alone, and her music was silent, and life grew more stagnant than ever.

One fine spring morning, however, the sun was beginning to shine and the birds to sing, and nature seemed suddenly to awake, with her many gay colors all alight, as if she would start up and cry, “Winter is gone — the long dreary waiting winter; and spring is come — the happy, bright spring with its new world of love and joy and gladness.”

“Bother take that fellow!” cried the squire. “Here is a letter from young Cotterville. He is leaving Oxford, and he is on his way to join his father in Scotland, and he proposes to come here for a day or two on Wednesday on his way up. Confound his impertinence! I don't want him. No time to put him off either. Just like people. No consideration whatever!”

“But you invited him, father,” Joyce interrupted.

“Take me up before I am down, Joyce. That's right, *always* contradict your father; you would not be your mother's child if you did not. I beg to be allowed to say I did *not* invite him,” thumping his hand on the table till all the cups and saucers rattled as if they also lived in fear and trembling of the master and his temper. “I simply said to his father I should be glad to see the young man some day when he was near here. That is a very different thing from expressing a wish that he should come here now. If it had been winter I should have mounted him and shown what real hunting is. A poor sawney lad from the south would rather open his eyes, I expect, at one of our runs.”

"Well, we will amuse him the best way we can," said Mrs. Aylmer.

"Yes, you women must see to that. I can't go bothering about all day after him. I am far too busy," said the squire, as he got up and left the room.

I don't think any young girl could have been in a greater flutter of excitement than Joyce was before this wonderful stranger appeared. A thousand times in the day she wondered what he would be like. Would he ever speak to her? or would he, like most of their guests, almost ignore her? He must of course be very nice to her mother, but he need not pay too much attention to her cousin Eliza; in fact, he might sometimes overlook her, and perhaps he might like music; but this was too much to hope.

When Henry Cotterville really appeared, he was like no hero in Joyce's favorite books; he was only a simple, nice young man with a good-natured face, which looked as if he could not say no to any one, and as if he must be "all-hail-fellow-well-met" to everybody in the world. It was impossible not to like him, he was so genial to all. He was not over-wise or brilliant, but he had a great stock of little kindly words and deeds which often go a great deal farther than cleverer ones.

Neither was he fair, as Joyce had imagined him, but dark brown, and rather short. In fact, I must confess she was rather disappointed in him; for she measured him by the Aylmer standard, who judged all race according to their own image: tall, slight, fair hair, blue eyes, and a high Grecian nose. "These showed blood," the squire would remark, stroking his own Jewish-looking nose.

All Joyce's prejudice melted when, the first evening, dinner being over, Henry Cotterville came across to her and asked her if she sang.

"Oh, yes," she said, and then looked to where her father was standing, "but he does not like music."

"Oh, ho! there is the tartar. Guessed as much by those steel-blue eyes," thought Henry Cotterville; and then he said aloud, "We will wait till he goes to sleep—I suppose he does; most elderly people do—and then we could go and sing."

"What a pretty girl she is!" he went on with his thoughts. "I wonder my mother never mentioned her. I wonder if this place goes to her. There is no son. It would be a nice property to have. I shouldn't object to it. It would make a very comfortable home for a poor younger fellow like me."

With this last thought in his head he made himself so much at home, that before an hour was over they all felt they had known him all their lives. The squire went to his armchair, where very soon loud snores were heard from behind the upheld *Times*. Mrs. Aylmer laid aside the bit of worsted work, that was only brought out when visitors were present. Joyce found herself lighting the candles in the drawing-room ready for the music; only Miss Eliza preserved her frigid, on-your-guard manner.

"That young man is sent to look at Joyce," she began, as soon as Henry Cotterville left the room.

"Oh, no, I am sure he is not," Mrs. Aylmer said.

"Stuff and nonsense! Don't tell me. I am not a fool. I know men well enough. They are always after something, and this young man is after Joyce's money. Jane always was a designing woman, and she has sent him."

"Don't say so before Robert, even if you think it. He would be so angry, he would order him out of the house at once," Mrs. Aylmer whispered.

Miss Eliza kept a dignified silence, but her knitting-needles gave the ominous little click they always did whenever she considered people were making fools of themselves.

"Perhaps I had better go and sit in the drawing-room if you think so, Eliza," said Mrs. Aylmer; "but I don't think he means anything, and Joyce is so very young."

"You were only a year older when you married, and I myself had several offers before I was her age." And so meek Mrs. Aylmer went, and she only found, as she expected, the son of that very designing woman quietly turning over a music-book on the table, while Joyce, sitting at the piano, was playing some airs out of her head.

"Hullo! what have you got here? Duets, by Jove! that is jolly! Now look here, Miss Aylmer, we must try them—Oh, bother! they are all Italian. Why, what a learned young lady you must be! Pray, who do you sing duets with here? Does your aunt—no, cousin—no—who is she? She looks as if once upon a time she had swallowed a whole canful of vinegar, and had not got over it yet. She does not sing, does she?"

Joyce laughed at this weak little joke as if it were the finest in the world, and she brightened up and laughed again. Her laugh was the one thing that spoilt her;

it was so unlike herself, it was so hard and loud. Henry Cotterville looked up rather astonished, but the next moment she was looking so pretty, the laugh went entirely out of his head.

"Don't you think if you are going to have any more music you had better go on? We shall have prayers directly," Mrs. Aylmer suggested.

"Oh, yes, you have prayers, do you? All right, let us go on. Look here, Miss Aylmer, here is a duet—a French one. My mother has a French maid, and I can manage French if there are no *very* long words."

And then they sang, "Adieu, cœur moi, moi q'alle parti, moi q'alle parti pour Sainte Loizi. Bai, bai, bai petit baisir zizie, bai petit baisir avant moi parti, bai, bai, bai petit baisir zizie. Bai petit baisir avant moi parti."

This was the first evening; but many followed like this one.

The squire tolerated his visitor; he even went farther, he did not dislike him, and he was glad the women should see something amusing in him. He for his part liked a man to be a man, and not dangle over pianos and singing, but he had no doubt young Cotterville was all very well in his way.

Miss Eliza was the only one who remained unconquered, and she pursed up her thin lips and knitted away more resolutely than ever.

### CHAPTER III.

"Cotterville Hall, Suffolk.

"My dear Henry,—I am very much astonished to find from your father that you have not joined him in Scotland, and I must say I am also more astonished to find out that your few days at Aylmer have been so long prolonged. From my own experience, I should think it the very dullest of all dull houses to stay in.

"A little bird (and you know there are plenty of little birds hopping about the world beside those at Oxford) has just hinted to me that there may be another attraction at Aylmer besides the country which, I believe, you went to see. If this is true, dear Henry, I must honestly tell you that neither your father nor I would ever give our consent to a marriage between any one of you and Miss Aylmer. There are reasons I would rather keep to myself which *entirely* prevent any idea of such a thing ever taking place. Be a sensible boy, dear, as I always knew you would be, when you were once fairly rid of all those wine-parties and fast young

men at Oxford, and come home. I have a charming party for the end of this month, and some people coming I particularly wish you to meet. My love to the Aylmers. Your affectionate mother,

"JANE COTTERVILLE.

"My love to Eliza Aylmer. What sort of a woman is she now? I think she hates me, and was jealous of your father liking me. I always thought she wanted to catch him herself——"

While Henry was reading his mother's letter, poor Joyce was catching it from her father. He had grown so accustomed to his visitor, that his temper, which never failed to assert itself at every possible opportunity, was no longer kept in abeyance, but showed itself in its true colors, to the younger man's perpetual astonishment and amusement.

To-day as he looked up he caught sight of pretty Joyce's eyes full of tears; her head drooped, and she had evidently a struggle to keep quiet. Henry had not the slightest idea what the fuss was; he only thought how charming she looked, and what a shame it was her father should be allowed to treat her so badly.

"What will you have, Cotterville? Game pie or hot cutlets?" called out the squire. "We must look sharp. Church at 10.30. Always 10.30 in the north, you know, and I keep the parson punctual. Always have my watch in my hand when he comes in, and if he is one minute late you should see the flurry he is in. Do the same by the hounds, sir. Sad, lazy master we used to have—keep us waiting half an hour or longer. Don't now—eh, madam? I taught him a lesson once, out in the open field there, and before all the company too, and now he is so punctual, we could set our clocks by him."

"Rather an uncomfortable fellow for a father-in-law," the young man thought; "but my mother has no right to treat me like a boy, and why she should always be raking up that Oxford time, I can't imagine. The other fellows were quite as extravagant. Surely Aylmer Hall would wipe away all my wild oats, and leave me a very nice home, and a pretty wife into the bargain."

When Henry Cotterville had come to Aylmer Hall he had had no idea of falling in love with the heiress of it. He was far too much engrossed by himself to think of others. He liked playing first fiddle, and being the only man in the house; he liked the fact of being liked, and of feeling he was a novelty to Mrs. and Miss Ayl-

mer; and he liked the simple, feudal sort of fashion in which they lived. When he grew more intimate with them he liked the importance of Mrs. Aylmer appealing to him if she wanted the squire to make any changes. It made him a man of the world, and flattered his vanity. These were the reasons he stayed on, and his mother's letter upset him dreadfully.

"I shall do as I please," he said to himself. Nevertheless the letter remained in his pocket, and cost him many a misgiving, for he was a weak-minded young man, and easily led by one person or another.

At twenty minutes past ten the family started, for the little church is only a ten minutes' walk from the Hall door down the long avenue. It is so near that the curfew bell, which still rings, was always associated in Joyce's mind as the "bed-time bell," for when she was a little child the moment that sounded, off she was sent. Henry was surprised to see the squire marching in, and not going into the usual open west door.

"We sit by ourselves," Joyce whispered. And then they followed Mr. Aylmer round a well-kept gravel path till they came to a small door, which the sexton was holding open, bowing obsequiously to each of them as they went in. The flight of stairs they went up led to another door which the squire was holding, and which to Henry's eyes looked as if it opened into a long, comfortable Eastern room, with low, easy crimson velvet seats, and beautiful crimson cushions and footstools. It ran the length of the church, but a portion of it was panelled off for the servants from the Hall. Soon came a trampling of steps, and the servants' part was filling. Out came the squire's watch; in came the clergyman, and the door down-stairs leading to the Aylmer gallery was locked.

"Something decidedly Eastern, and not quite canny," Henry thought; but he had chosen his seat next to Joyce, and as he listened to her clear, young voice singing the *Venite* the Eastern feeling died off. He looked upon the walls opposite, and there in deep, black letters on white marble were the words engraven, "Joyce Aylmer, 1600," "Joyce Aylmer, 1547." Joyce, Joyce, Joyce seemed written all over the church. It filled the young man with quite a new sentimental feeling, and he felt almost cowed to think that out of the whole lot of those Joyce Aylmers there was but one living one, and she was sitting by his side.

"Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, Hymn 124. 124th Hymn — 'I dare not choose my lot.'"

The hymn broke upon Henry's thoughts so suddenly that he almost gave a start. He had no book; Joyce held him hers as they stood up, but Miss Eliza instantly poked an "Ancient and Modern" into his hand.

"I know it," she said shortly, when Henry looked at the one he was holding with Joyce; and she retired back to her seat with a told-you-so look at Mrs. Aylmer.

Quite unconsciously these two went on singing their hymn.

I dare not choose my lot;  
I would not if I might;  
Choose thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.

Poor little Joyce, she certainly had not chosen her lot, and I do not even know that she wished to change it then; she certainly was not as contented with it as she had been, but she had not the faintest idea of connecting her discontent with the kind-hearted visitor beside her.

The sermon was rather a long one, and I am sorry to say Henry Cotterville did not listen to much of it. The hymn they had just sung sent him moralizing upon the hardness of "lots." There was this poor little girl close to him endowed with all the riches and beauty possible, and yet what was her lot? Hard, frightened, lonely, sad. Here was his; an easy, happy fellow, liking the good things of this world, and ready to share them with his fellow-creatures; and yet he was only a younger son, and his worldly endowment would depend upon how much his father would choose to leave him.

"My mother often takes unnecessary fancies into her head, but I really think I might do worse," he thought; "still, I have not said a word, and I don't mean to say one."

A very dutiful resolution! How long was it kept?

"Will you come and feed the horses?" Joyce asked after they had been unlocked from their gallery and had come out of church. "I always do."

As they were nearing the stables, however, they heard the squire's voice, fast and angry.

Joyce turned color. "Let us go into the park and wait a little. I hate being there if a row is going on." And so the two wandered off down an avenue that led to the river. As they were standing by

the bank watching some trout splashing. "I have had an awfully jolly time here, Miss Aylmer," Henry was saying, "but all good things come to an end, you know, and I am sorry to say my visit must."

Joyce looked up, her face full of dismay.

"There are some things going on at home—house full, and all that sort of thing, you know, and I am wanted back," he continued, gaining importance with every word he said.

"Oh, of course everybody must want you," said innocent Joyce; "but what shall we do without you? It will be —" and here she stopped.

"You will get on very well without me," he answered, in a kind, superior manner. "You must learn to be more self-reliant, you know, and not give in too much to your elders."

"But we shall miss you so," continues poor Joyce.

"You must have some one else to come and stay with you—some one who will ride with you and sing with you while I am away."

"But we *never* have any one," cried Joyce. "My father quarrels generally with the people we can know; and the others—the Greens, and all that set—are all very well, but we cannot be friends exactly with them, you know."

And this simple Princess Aylmer looked up with distressed eyes.

"Somebody will come some day you will like just as well as you do me," he answered, with the faintest tinge of jealousy in his voice.

"Never!" cried Joyce emphatically. Then she flushed up, startled at herself.

"Poor little thing! It is rather hard lines upon her. So here goes!" And the next minute he was holding both her hands, and the old, old song, that is set to so many different tunes, was being sung again under those great old beech-trees, and the rushing river was its restless accompaniment.

To the one voice singing in this new duet came a few sudden thrilling harmonious chords; it ended, however, almost directly in the wildest, saddest fugue that has ever been composed.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A FEW more weeks passed by, and Henry Cotterville still lingered on. He had not told his mother about this "little episode in his life," as he called it. There was time enough for that, he thought, when he got back; but he was not feeling

quite comfortable, and it was with a sort of unrecognized relief that he left Aylmer Hall and went back to Suffolk.

Every one but Miss Eliza Aylmer was sorry when he left. The squire for a short time was radiant with good temper; he had no idea Joyce would have shown such good sense in choosing a young man. Mrs. Aylmer held her hand and kissed her; she did not say much, but her daughter often saw tears in her eyes.

Her cousin looked at her over her spectacles. "So you expect it to last forever, child, do you? Well, I hope you won't be mistaken, but *my* experience of men is very different." And then she resumed her knitting.

For some days not a line was received, not a sound was heard from any of the Cottervilles. Every day Joyce looked with a gentle surprise in her face, but she had great faith; Henry was only planning some little pleasure for her, she was quite sure—that was all.

One morning she was earlier than usual, and, for a wonder, she was down-stairs before her father. A letter was lying by her plate in an unknown hand; for, strange to say, she had never seen Henry's writing. This was, of course, the answer to her little note she had written him telling him how much she missed him, how she thought of him every day, until she was afraid her very love was leading her selfishly to think of nothing else. And then, at the end, was a harmless little reproach; why did he not write to her? did he not know how she was longing for only one word? Ah! here was the answer, delayed by some accident; or perhaps he was ill. And she tore open the envelope, and she read (or did she read?) the answer. It was held in her hand, and she saw the words, but she sat still as if she were a statue.

Poor little thing, in her simple faith she had asked for a loaf of bread, and here is her stone.

"Cotterville Hall.

"Dear Joyce,—I am so very, very sorry for what has happened, and I ought to have written to you as soon as I got home, but I put it off, hoping in vain to bring my parents round. As I see no chance of it, I write to say how very sorry I am that our hasty engagement must come to an end. My mother is going to write to your father, so that will save my going into particulars with you. The only good thing I can see in our giving up each other is for you. I was not half a good enough match for you, and you will, I am sure,



make a much better marriage some day. I hope you will marry a man worthy of you, dear Joyce, and still let me be,

"Your affectionate friend,

"HENRY COTTERVILLE."

While she was holding this heartless letter in her hand, her father came down. He did not notice her or her strange white look; he took up a thick letter with a big coronet and a C on it, and he opened it.

What he read no one ever knew. He swore one awful oath, and desired Henry Cotterville's name was never more to be mentioned.

Mrs. Aylmer came into the room and saw something dreadful had happened, but was too timid to ask any questions.

Joyce came mechanically to the table, but she ate nothing; she gave a little laugh when Miss Eliza asked her where her appetite was gone.

"Appetites don't last forever, do they?" mother looked perplexed, and the dreary she asked, with another harsh laugh. Her meal came to an end.

Poor Mrs. Aylmer! What she went through in those days no one could tell. Her husband was so passionate, she was hardly able to speak to him; Joyce looked so sad, it almost broke her mother's heart. The climax of all came one wet afternoon when Mrs. Aylmer and Miss Eliza were sitting in the round oak parlor, where quaint scrolls twist round and round the carved high fireplace. They were talking in subdued voices about poor Joyce and the trouble that had befallen her, and about the contents of Jane Cotterville's mysterious letter.

"It was something very bad to have upset him so."

"It was very unfortunate," Miss Eliza replied, "very unfortunate it should have happened. You know, Dora, I did warn you, even the very day the young man came here."

"Ah, yes," sighed Mrs. Aylmer, "but I never thought Joyce would fall in love so easily."

Joyce all the time was sitting on the broad window-seat looking out over the park; she was so hidden by the curtain that neither of the ladies saw her, and they went on with their talk. Presently in came the squire.

"What are you two doing?" he asked, in an unusually pleasant temper, and he pulled up a chair and sat down by them.

"We are talking about Joyce and her sad love affair," said Miss Eliza rather sharply. His face darkened.

"That is a subject never to be mentioned in my hearing, Eliza," he said. "People can get on very well in the world without love affairs. I don't know that there was very much love concerned in our marriage—eh, Dora? But we have been happy enough. I am sure I am quite contented with you, and you have not been such a very unhappy wife, have you?"

"Oh, no, dear Robert; I have been a very happy one," answered Mrs. Aylmer, like the good woman she was. Then, though the subject was never to be mentioned before him, he began about Henry Cotterville; he rued the day he ever let him come to the house, and he used more hard words than I choose to repeat about him.

Suddenly the curtain was drawn back; a young figure, tall and quivering, stood upright before them; her blue eyes flashed, her hands trembled.

"You *dare* to speak of him in that way!" she cried, stamping her foot before her father. "*You* talk of villany and treason! *You*, who make a life-long murder of every one who comes near you! You wrote that letter, not he." And then she flew into a long, incoherent torrent of passion. It was as if all the pent-up years of tyranny had suddenly been loosened, and as if every passion in her was finding a tongue. Her father stood before her dazed and dumb. Once she said something that roused his anger too, and he held up his arm to strike her.

"Oh, Robert! Robert!" cried Mrs. Aylmer, rushing to intercede with him; but something mightier, something sadder than any living person stayed the father's arm.

Joyce drew herself up, folded her arms, and, with a look of supreme pride, said, with almost a smile in her voice, "No one can hurt me. I am Queen Caroline. The queen is sacred. Remove that poor madman!" with a fine air to her cousin. The knitting fell from Miss Eliza's hand.

"Good gracious, child!" she began, and then her words failed, for quite simply, quite unconsciously, Joyce went to the fire and sat down, and the only trace left of that terrible scene was in her heightened color and in the strange glitter in her eyes. The squire looked nervously from her to his wife and back again.

"Joyce! Joyce!" he cried, but his voice was unnaturally anxious. Joyce never moved. Then he turned to his wife, and, with a piteous look, "Dora!" he cried. It was the first time in his life he had ever appealed to his wife for help,

and this appeal seemed wrung from him in some sudden, awful anguish.

"My darling!" was all the mother said, but a world of tender love was in the two words. Joyce gave a gracious little bow, but there was no recognition in her face.

"I am engaged. I will attend to you presently." And she dismissed all who spoke to her with this strange, superior air. It was as if this fearful shock had completely destroyed all memory, all love, and as completely dimmed the young mind that had hitherto been so clear. She was quite resistless, quite gentle, and when the evening came the mother put her to bed. She was like a tired, inanimate child; she, that brave, independent daughter who had so often made the mother tremble by her proud, quick spirit.

"She will be all right to-morrow," Miss Eliza said in a voice that wanted to be decided; but she looked anxious.

"Oh, she will be better to-morrow," echoed the father, but there was a piteous look on his face.

"Please God," the mother said, and though her voice was calm the tears stole down her cheeks.

Day after day Mrs. Aylmer's face grew paler, Miss Eliza knitted more uneasily, and the squire hardly left the house. He was generally in Mrs. Aylmer's boudoir, and his eyes were always fixed upon his daughter, whom he watched with a pathetic look, but she never spoke to him or to Miss Eliza. It was as if after that sad morning's storm she had entirely drifted out of their world, and had entered one where no remembrance of the past, no comprehension of the present, had a part. All day long she would sit gazing into the fire, and the only person who seemed to arouse her was her mother, and to her wishes she generally vouchsafed a gracious acquiescence.

It was some time before the squire could give up battling before the terrible truth; night after night he went to bed with the same words, "She *will* be better, to-morrow, eh, Dora?"

And the "please God" that was at first the answer, was changed into "She *will* be, dear Robert, if God pleases—but—" here the mother's head would shake, and though no tears would fall now, a sorrow that looked too strong for tears settled in her face.

"Women always take the worst side," he would say, turning testily away, fighting at the fear that was slowly taking possession of his own heart. But as the days passed on, and poor Joyce did not get

better, hope died too from the squire. It was touching to see how he brought his daughter flowers, pictures, anything to make her speak to him, but she only looked with her blue, vague eyes, and he would turn away in despair.

One day she was sitting at a writing-table by the window; her pretty fair hair, that used to be plaited so nicely round her head, was hanging loosely over her shoulders. She was writing very busily, but her pen was dry, and there was no trace of ink on her paper. The squire came in. "My dear, you are in a draught. You will take cold." She did not look up.

"My dear, come to the fire. I know you must be cold." He tried again. Still the pen hurried on with its unmarked words, and she took no notice. Then Mrs. Aylmer came, and with a gentle hand led her from the window. Joyce stopped for a minute before a picture of her mother that stood on a big easel. "I sing at Windsor to-night to their Majesties, and they have particularly requested me to bring 'Le jeune troubadour.'" She began a line or two; then she stopped suddenly, and, bowing to the picture,

"I am glad I give you so much pleasure," she said.

From Temple Bar.

JOHN LEECH.

REMEMBERING that nearly thirty years have elapsed since the death of John Leech, it seems strange that, until now, we have not had the fortune to possess a literary memorial worthy of the fame of England's ever-popular artist. 'Tis true there has been an intention on the part of some who were acquainted with Leech to write a biography, but unforeseen circumstances prevented its realization. Although time has terribly thinned the ranks of his friends, happily two, at least, survive with a determination to do honor to him whose work, says Mr. Ruskin, "contains the finest definition and natural history of the classes of our society; the kindest and subtlest analysis of its foibles, the tenderest flattery of its pretty and well-bred ways, with which the modesty of subservient genius ever amused or immortalized careless masters." One of Leech's most intimate friends, Dr. Hole, the present Dean of Rochester, has promised to give the world his recollections of the artist, so we may confidently anticipate from such a reliable source a valuable

addition to our present knowledge of John Leech. Mr. Frith, the Royal Academician, who was also honored by his friendship, is, however, first in the field with an account of the "Life and Work," of the great artist-humorist.\* He tells us that of the life there is, unfortunately, but little to say, for the lives of most artists are uneventful, and Leech's short career was especially so; whereas concerning his work many volumes might be written — critical, descriptive, appreciative. On the other hand, it must be pointed out that of all artists who have reflected themselves in their works, Leech is perhaps the best example; therefore, if we wish to know something of his personal tastes and characteristics, of what he admired and disliked — politically and socially — we must advert to, and carefully study, the innumerable productions of his pencil.

John Leech was born on the 29th of August, 1817. His father (also named John) was of Irish descent, and, at the time of his son's birth, was proprietor of the London Coffee-House, Ludgate Hill — a well-known establishment previously owned by his uncle, who retired therefrom with a large fortune. Similar prosperity did not, however, attend the venture of John Leech the elder, for clubs were then becoming the order of the day, and these novel institutions seriously affected the interests of less fashionable places for public refreshment and resort.

It is recorded that Master John Leech, when but three years old, exhibited such a marked indication of his genius for art that, as he sat with pencil and paper on his mother's knee, the great sculptor Flaxman (who was a friend of the family), observing his precocious attempts with these materials, said, "This drawing is wonderful. Do not let him be cramped by drawing lessons; let his genius follow its own bent. He will astonish the world." Mr. Frith takes exception to this remarkable story, rightly contending that no drawing done by a child of such tender years, however gifted, could be "wonderful" in the estimation of Flaxman; nor would such an artist have advised anything so foolish as prohibiting the lad from learning to draw. Young Leech continued to amuse himself with the pencil, and his youthful but more matured efforts were again examined by Flaxman, who, looking well at them, said: "That boy must be an artist; he will be

nothing else." How truly this prediction was verified the world well knows!

When only seven years of age Leech was sent as a scholar to the Charterhouse, his father believing that he "was not wrong in sending him thus early, as Dr. Russell, the head master, had a son of the same age in the school, and John was in the same form with him." He was boarded at a house close by the school, and only allowed to go home at rare intervals. His mother was extremely fond of her boy; she could not live without seeing him more frequently, and, to enable her to do so, a room was hired in a house that overlooked the school playground, from which point of vantage she would watch him as he joined the games or walked with his arm linked in that of a favorite companion. It seems that he did not make much progress with his studies, never approaching the position of his famous schoolfellow Thackeray. (Mr. Frith doubts whether these two boys, who became such dear and fast friends in after years, saw or cared to see much of each other during their schooldays.) When, after nine years' attendance, Leech left the Charterhouse, his father, who had no faith in the practice of art as a means of livelihood for his son, informed him that he was destined for the medical profession, which decision the latter did not resist, for his gentle, yielding nature influenced him then as always. He accordingly went to St. Bartholomew's, where he delighted his master, the surgeon of the hospital, by the excellence of his anatomical drawings, and the knowledge he then gained of the "human form divine" subsequently proved of the utmost service to him. It was at St. Bartholomew's that he first made the acquaintance of Albert Smith, Percival Leigh, and Gilbert & Beckett; who afterwards turned their attention to literature, and secured the services of Leech as illustrator of their works. The elder Leech intended, in due course, to place his son with Sir George Ballingall, an eminent Scottish doctor, but, owing to impecuniosity, this scheme was abandoned, and after a time he was placed with a Mr. Whittle, an eccentric medical practitioner, who is immortalized as Mr. Rawkins in Albert Smith's "Adventures of Mr. Ledbury and his friend Jack Johnson." Mr. Whittle's accomplishments (which included the breeding of fancy rabbits and stealing his neighbors' pigeons) were decidedly unremunerative, and unfortunately brought him to a state of bankruptcy. We are, therefore, not sur

\* John Leech: His Life and Work. By William Powell Frith, R.A. Two vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son, 1891.

prised to learn that Leech stayed but a short time with the pigeon-fancying Whittle, whom he left for a position under Dr. John Cockle (son of the inventor of Cockle's pills) afterwards physician to the Royal Free Hospital, when he seems to have committed himself to serious study, although the notes he made during the lectures were profusely adorned with sketches of his fellow-students. It was doubtless owing to the unsatisfactory state of his father's finances that young Leech was compelled to relinquish his medical studies, and consequently to abandon the intention of adopting medicine as a profession. It would have been singular had he been successful in this direction, for his name is an old Saxon word (*leich*) for surgeon, hence its employment as a term applied in former times to doctors.

An opportunity had now arrived for the full recognition of Leech's artistic talents, and for due consideration as to their commercial value in the matter of obtaining a livelihood. Art to him was much more congenial than medicine, and he took the first precarious step by lithographing a series of street characters and scenes such as he met with in the metropolis. These, when printed on four quarter sheets, were entitled "Etchings and Sketchings" by A. Pen, Esq., and offered with trepidation to the public at the price of "2s. plain, and 3s. colored." It may readily be supposed that the young artist at first experienced some difficulty in finding a publisher, and his struggle for existence must then have been very severe.

In 1836, when still a boy, he made many drawings of a humorous character for that famous sporting chronicle, *Bell's Life in London*, but it was the establishment of the penny post, four years later, that gave him a brilliant opportunity of attracting public attention, and which really laid the foundation of a highly successful career. Mr. Mulready, R.A., had been commissioned by the authorities to design a postal envelope for general use, to be published in aid of the cheap postal system. In this device Britannia is represented in the act of despatching winged messengers with letters to all parts of the globe, while various personages are depicted as eagerly welcoming the arrival of the missives—a space being left for the address. The design, though clever, struck many as being too ornate and unbusiness-like, and Leech immediately executed a drawing parodying each feature of the original with such success, that the lithographed copy, also got up as a postal

envelope, sold enormously, and in many cases was actually used for letters by the irreverent. Thus the young artist made his first "hit," although it is more than probable that he reaped but a small pecuniary reward for his well-timed humorous production. *A propos* of this harmless little joke, Mr. Frith relates the following amusing anecdote:—

In a corner of the design the artist had signed his name, and in the centre had depicted his pictorial rebus of a leech in a bottle which afterwards became so familiar. Leech being desirous of making Mulready's acquaintance, Mr. Frith endeavored to arrange a meeting at the house of a mutual friend, Mr. Augustus Egg, R.A., but much to his chagrin Mulready objected, saying that he didn't care about knowing Leech. On being pressed for his reason, the painter replied, "Of course you remember that unfortunate postal envelope that I designed?—well, Leech caricatured it. You needn't look so surprised—you don't think I'm such a fool as to mind being caricatured; but I do mind being represented as a *blood-sucker*! What else can he mean by using that infernal little leech in a bottle in the front of his caricature as my signature? You know well enough, Frith, that I have never asked monstrous prices for my pictures. You fellows get better paid for your work than I ever did, and you wouldn't like to be called blood-suckers, I expect."

After a satisfactory explanation had displaced this curious misunderstanding, the two artists met, and

It was delightful [says Mr. Frith] to watch Leech's handsome face as Mulready himself told of his misconception. First there was a serious, almost pained, expression, which, no doubt, arose in that tender heart from being the innocent cause of pain to another; the serious look passed off, to give place to a smile, which broadened into a roar of laughter. From that moment Leech and Mulready were fast friends.

Shortly after Leech's maiden effort in publishing, there appeared upon the scene a book which made its mark at once, and has continued to remain a public favorite.

This was Dickens's "Pickwick." The sad story concerning Seymour, the first illustrator of that remarkable work, has often been told—how his self-destruction created a vacancy for a new illustrator, and how Thackeray's application for the post was unsuccessful. But it is not so generally known that Leech, encouraged by his recent success, was also anxious to supply Seymour's place, and sent to the publishers a specimen of his work—a water-color drawing depicting with con-

siderable humor the scene between Tom Smart and the humanized armchair, as related in the fourteenth chapter of "Pickwick." The drawing possessed unusual merit as the work of so young an artist, but he was too late, for Dickens had already chosen Hablot K. Browne (better known as "Phiz"), with whom the author afterwards harmoniously collaborated for many years.

At about this time (1838) Leech was the victim of abused confidence.

No sooner had he become of age [writes Mr. Percival Leigh] than he was induced, in order to meet difficulties for which he was not responsible, to accept an accommodation bill, which the drawer of, when it became due, failed to supply the means of meeting. Leech was consequently arrested for debt at the suit of this discounter, and lodged in a sponging-house kept by a sheriff's officer, a Jew, by name (I think) of Levi, in Newman Street. There he remained about a fortnight, supporting himself in the meanwhile by drawing cartoons and caricatures. He lithographed them on stone for Spooner, in the Strand, at a guinea each, a friend having negotiated the sale. At last, an advance of money on a projected publication sufficient to discharge the debt having been obtained, he was liberated. But, not long after, a second scrape—a repetition of the first—cost him another temporary sojourn with another Jew in another sponging-house in Cursitor Street. This detention, however, lasted but a few days. From that period to the close of his life he remained subject to repeated demands for pecuniary assistance under continual pressure, which, as at the outset, he could not withstand. The deficits he had to defray were always heavy—the last of them, as I understand, a thousand pounds. It cost him very hard work to make it good. Excess of generosity was his greatest failing.

Mr. Leigh, Albert Smith, and Leech were kindred spirits, often concocting together schemes of drollery, and it was one of their happy thoughts to publish a "Comic Latin Grammar," Leech contributing the illustrations and Mr. Leigh the text. This elaborate burlesque appeared in 1840, and was followed by a similar work, the "Comic English Grammar." They then produced "The Children of the Mobility," a parody on a then well-known work devoted to the serious glorification of our juvenile aristocracy. "The Physiology of Evening Parties," by Albert Smith, with illustrations by Leech, was published in 1840, and four years later they produced the blood-curdling story of "The Marchioness of Brinvilliers," to which, as Mr. Frith remarks, the "shilling shocker" of the present day is a mild

affair indeed. The chief interest and value of these works now lie in Leech's illustrations, and, it is safe to assert, these alone have saved them from oblivion.

The year 1841 was a very important one in the life of John Leech. It was in July of that year that the first number of *Punch* appeared; Leech was introduced to the promoters by his friend Mr. Leigh, and his services were speedily secured for the periodical with which his name will ever be associated. Mr. Frith well remembers the birth of our old friend Mr. Punch, and recalls an interesting incident which impressed the circumstance upon his memory. He was "touching up" a picture of his at an exhibition of the Society of British Artists, when a brother member named Joe Allen (the funny man of the society) startled him by a loud imitation of the peculiar squeak of Punch. "Look out, my boy," he said, "for the first number. We" (he was evidently a member of the staff) "shall take the town by storm. There is no mistake;" adding that among the contributors was young Leech. Naturally Mr. Frith bought a copy, and was much disappointed when he found that Leech was unrepresented; but in the hope that the second number would contain some of his work, he went to purchase it at the shop where he had bought the first, and his request was met with the following words:—

"What paper, sir? Oh, *Punch*! Yes, I took a few of the first, but it's no go. You see, they billed it about a good deal, so I wanted to see what it was like. It won't do; it's no go."

Leech's first contribution did not appear until the fourth number was issued. It is entitled "Foreign Affairs," and represents, with a certain spice of caricature, groups of foreigners such as may be seen any day in the neighborhood of Leicester Square. What is most remarkable about this sketch is that it at once sent down the circulation of *Punch*—an odd circumstance, that he who was destined to become its brightest star should have damaged the sale on his first connection with it. By Leech's non-appearance in *Punch* for many months after this, Mr. Frith concludes (and perhaps rightly) that the managers had little faith in him as an attraction; but whether or not such was the case, the fact remains that this harmless bit of satire is the only product of his pencil in the first volume. Nor does the second volume contain more than half-a-dozen of his drawings; but subsequent volumes teem with his humorous and tell-



ing sketches, for it must be remembered that the *raison d'être* of *Punch* gave him an opportunity such as probably no artist before him had ever enjoyed, and which he alone was able to seize. Week after week there flowed from his pencil an endless succession of scenes, of high life, and low life; of the town and of the country; of summer and winter, storm and sunshine. What a variety of subjects emanated from his untiring brain! Besides all these, there are his wonderful political cartoons, and it is said that he received from first to last more than £40,000 for his contributions to *Punch* alone. His work for this and other publications went on unceasingly, and caused him to liken it to "picking up a thousand stones in a thousand hours." Such unremitting toil began to tell upon his by no means strong constitution, and, in order that he might recuperate, he was persuaded by Mr. Frith to spend a few days' holiday with him. Mr. Frith advised him to husband his strength, adding that "If anything happened to you, who are the 'backbone of *Punch*,' what would become of the paper?" At which Leech smiled, and said, "Don't talk such rubbish! Backbone of *Punch*, indeed! Why, bless your heart, there isn't a fellow at work upon the paper that doesn't think *that* of himself, and with about as much right and reason as I should. *Punch* would get on well enough without me, or any of those who think themselves of such importance." His modesty was remarkable, for he thought little or nothing of his own work. "Talk of drawing, my dear fellow," he once said to his biographer, "what is my drawing compared to Tenniel's? Look at the way that chap can draw a boot; why, I couldn't do it to save my life!"

Among the many and diverse subjects treated by Leech in the pages of *Punch* are the follies and fashions of the day, the majority of which were eventually published in a separate form under the general title of "Pictures of Life and Character." In these the shafts of ridicule were levelled at the absurdities created by Bloomerism, spirit-rapping, the crinoline craze, the beard and moustache movement, and similar amusing features of social life; but the most refreshingly humorous of his satirical "hits" are to be found in the series of sporting pictures, such as those illustrating the shooting and fishing exploits of Mr. Briggs. There can be no doubt that in these drawings he has depicted many of his own adventures with

rod and gun, in proof of which there is a letter to a friend, where he wrote: "I wish you could have seen me catch a *salmon* in Ireland—a regular salmon! When I say catch, I should say hook, rather, for he was too much for me, and after ten minutes' struggle he bolted with my tackle. It was really a tremendous sensation." His love of field sports received its greatest impetus when, mounted by his friend Mr. Charles F. Adams (who resided in Hertfordshire, where he still lives), he joined the "Puckeridge," and became one of the "field," fully realizing how fruitful of subject the hunting-field, the stubble, and the stream would prove to him if he added a knowledge of sport to that of his art. Although Leech was a timid rider (much preferring an open gate to a thickset hedge, and the highroad to either), yet he must have frequently been in full career with the "field," or how could he otherwise have acquired a familiarity with all the details of the chase.

Mr. Frith was fortunate in obtaining Mr. Adams's reminiscences of his old friend. This gentleman was, in those early times, "the possessor of two horses, and being employed in business in London during the day, the night served him and Leech for a wild career, Mr. Adams driving his horses tandem fashion far into the country, rousing sleepy toll-keepers and terrifying belated wayfarers, while Leech's watchful eye noted incidents for future illustration." It was also "a favorite and not infrequent prank of these two spirits to disguise themselves in imitation of street musicians, and, with the assistance of a young fellow named Milburn, as wild as themselves, descend upon the London streets, and by singing glees make 'a lot of money.' Leech used to go round with the hat, but we never could make the fellow look common enough. Still, he collected a good deal, though he failed on one occasion; for, on presenting his hat to a bystander, who had been an attentive listener, the man claimed exemption as being in 'the profession,' in proof of which he produced a fiddle from behind him."

The large cartoons in *Punch* may fairly be classed with the most important productions of Leech's pencil. Though the subjects of them were sufficiently personal, yet they were never coarsely or aggressively so. When social or national wrong called for grave censure he spared not the lash, and his vigorous protests invariably bore good fruit; but in his political cartoons he was sure to mix some harmless touches of humor with his castigation,

his favorite method of treating official persons and public characters in general being to represent them as naughty boys or good boys — according to their public actions. Some of the most wonderful suggestions were forwarded to him, many of which were but traps laid to make him a partisan in personal quarrels. Although he had a remarkably keen scent for everything in the shape of personality, yet there was one occasion when his vigilance relaxed — a lapse he often regretted. In 1850 the eccentric Duke of Athole decided to close his beautiful Glen Tilt to tourists, a proceeding which excited great public indignation. *A propos* of this somewhat despotic action on the part of the duke, Leech made a vigorous drawing for *Punch*, depicting his Grace as "A Scotch Dog in a Manger," with a snarl on his face that portended a bite if his position were assailed. This sketch was immediately followed by another blow in the form of a paraphrase of Scott's lines in 'The Lady of the Lake,' which were supposed to apply to "a scene from a burlesque recently performed at Glen Tilt."

These are Clan Athole's warriors true,  
And, Saxons, I'm the regular Doo.

It is greatly to the credit of the duke that he took these protests good-humoredly. He not only reversed his decision, but bore no malice towards Leech — indeed, on the contrary, he desired to make the artist's acquaintance and establish an amicable relationship. Soon after the drawings appeared, he met Leech near the glen, alone, sketch-book in hand, taking notes of some of the beauties of the scenery around him. The duke, who was on horseback, accompanied by his groom, approached him and asked what he was doing there. The answer came that he was an artist, and his name Leech.

"Not John Leech?" said the duke.

"Yes, John," was the reply.

"And Leech now, feeling sure that he was in the presence of the duke, and that he was about to hear some strong language about his daring to caricature so august a personage for merely asserting his rights, proceeded to explain that he would not intrude further, but return at once to his inn, where he intended to pass the night. The duke turned to his groom, and told him to dismount, and called to Leech to take the servant's place. Leech obeyed, when the duke said: 'No, sir; no inn for you to-night; you must dine and sleep at my house. I am the Duke of Athole.' Further hesitation on Leech's part was

met by a warmer and more pressing invitation.

"Leech yielded, and the two rode off together. The road to the castle lay through some rather perilous country, culminating in a narrow and broken path, with cliff on one side and a precipice on the other. The artist hesitated; the duke called upon him to come on. 'He has brought me here to revenge himself by breaking my neck,' thought Leech. He timidly advanced, and reached the duke, who had stopped for him at a point where the path was most dangerous.

"Are you, sir, the man who has maligned me in *Punch*?' fiercely demanded the duke.

"The fearful position in which Leech found himself, terrible to any one, but to a nervous man especially frightful, extorted from him an apologetic confession, excusable under the circumstances.

"Your Grace," said he, 'we — we — that is, nearly every one — has done something that he — he — regrets having done. I am very sorry I have — I regret very much that anything I have done should have given you any annoyance.'

"The duke's affected fierceness was exchanged for the jovial manner said to be peculiar to him, and the pair rode off pleasantly together.

"The castle was reached, and Leech was shown to a dressing-room, where he made himself as presentable as he could under the circumstances, in anticipation of the usual announcement that dinner was served. I can imagine my friend's feelings as he waited in hungry expectation. 'As he could not manage to break my neck,' thought Leech, as hour after hour passed without a summons to dinner, 'he means to starve me!' At last, thinking that perhaps his room was too far off for the sound of the gong to reach him, he rung the bell. A servant appeared.

"I am afraid," said Leech, 'that I did not hear the dinner-bell; is dinner ready?'

"Not yet, sir; you will be informed when it is."

"Another hour passed. Leech became desperate; starvation seemed to stare him in the face. Again he rang the bell; again the servant answered it, and the reply was again, 'Not yet.'"

The clock had struck ten before the welcome sound of the gong reached the famished man. On his appearance at table, a full explanation of the unreasonable delay was given by the noble host, whose custom it was, after a day's hunting, to enjoy a nap undisturbed, which on this

occasion was of unusual duration. Everything passed off well, and next day Leech proceeded on his way with a lighter heart. The artist was fond of narrating this adventure, and it was related to the present writer by the late Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A., who heard it from Leech's own lips.

It is natural that Leech should have made use of his friends and their peculiarities by introducing them in his drawings. One of them, Michael Halliday, was the prototype of Tom Noddy, an unfortunate sportsman like Mr. Briggs. Mike (by which abbreviation he was best known to his acquaintances) was a clerk in the House of Lords, and had a taste for art; he was a diminutive man and slightly lame, and the gauntness of his elf-like figure gave him quite a remarkable appearance. Leech, after he became intimate with him, frequently introduced him in his sketches under many names and ingenious disguises. Said the artist, when speaking of Halliday at a party of friends, "Mike is a mine of resource to me. Whenever I am in difficulties I can remember something of him that is possible to turn into a 'subject;' and," he added earnestly, "I do hope he never recognizes the resemblance, for I often put some point to prevent recognition."

The surprise at this reminiscence caused a roar of laughter, for all present knew that Halliday was not only cognizant of the fact that Leech constantly made fun of him, but was really proud of the distinction, and would draw the attention of his friends to "the last addition to his gallery of *Punch* portraits," exhibited on the walls of his studio.

While working week by week for *Punch*, Leech's pencil was in constant request in other directions. In 1841 a volume was issued containing some of his most humorous drawings, in which he pleasantly satirized the absurd precocity of "The Rising Generation," and of which Dickens wrote a splendid eulogy.

In 1842 he and George Cruikshank illustrated the "Ingoldsby Legends," and in the following year appeared that most delightful Christmas book, Dickens's "Carol," with delicately tinted etchings and woodcuts by Leech. But it is impossible to enumerate here all the books illustrated by him; suffice it to say that, besides others already described may be mentioned Douglas Jerrold's "A Man made of Money" (1849), Gilbert & Beckett's "Comic History of England" (1847), and "Comic History of Rome" (1852); the "Bon Gaultier Ballads" (1849), "A Little

Tour in Ireland" (1859), and the series of sporting novels, by Surtees, beginning with "Sponge's Sporting Tour" (1853), and concluding with "Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds" (1865); the last named containing some of his latest work.

As to Leech's method of practising his art, all his friends knew the never-failing little note-book containing sketches of bits of composition, effect, and humor, such as he met with in his walks and visits, and these often suggested themes for his more elaborate designs. Mr. Frith is sure that Leech never used a model, in the sense that the model is commonly used by artists, and that he relied upon such sketches as these, caught from unconscious sitters, there can be no doubt. In support of Mr. Frith's opinion it may be here recorded that the present writer was informed by the late Sir Edgar Boehm that he (the sculptor) once offered to pose for Leech when he was troubled in delineating some difficult attitude, but the artist refused the offer for the reason that "it would only bother him more than ever." As Leech could not draw seriously from the "life," it would appear remarkable that he should have yearned to become a painter. Yet such was the case. In 1860 he and his friend Boehm went to see a huge and somewhat crudely painted picture by Piloti (a German artist), representing Nero contemplating the ruins of Rome, then being exhibited in London. After a long study of it Leech turned to his companion and said, "I would rather have been the painter of that picture than the producer of all the things I have ever perpetrated,"—an avowal which was received with amazement and a smile of incredulity. It was in the studio of a Scottish painter named McLan that Mr. Frith first met Leech, who was busy copying some still-life in oils, and whose efforts Mr. Frith thought were very promising. Leech then observed, "I like painting much better than what I have to grind at day after day, if I could only do it; but it's so confoundedly difficult, you know, and requires such a lot of patience."

This hankering after oil-colors was destined to be gratified in later years, for in 1862 he came before the public as the painter of a series of "Sketches in Oil," these being reproductions on a large scale of some of his drawings in *Punch*. They were exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, and were visited by throngs of admiring spectators. The enlargements were made by means of an ingenious mechanical contrivance; a *Punch* block was first printed

on a sheet of india-rubber, which was then stretched to the required dimensions; from this an impression was taken and transferred to a lithographic stone, from which a copy was printed on a large sheet of canvas. Having thus obtained outlines of his subjects Leech proceeded to color them, under the valuable guidance of his friend Millais, using for the purpose a kind of transparent color which allowed the lines of the enlargement to show through, so that the result had the appearance of indifferent lithographs slightly tinted. But when he became more accustomed to the materials he effected a great improvement by removing the ink of the lines in the faces and more important parts, and re-drawing them in a fine and delicate manner, thus greatly enhancing the beauty of the pictures; but even then the sketches lost much of their charm by the enlargement. Thackeray penned such a favorable notice of his old schoolmate's exhibition that the public could not refrain from visiting it, and caused the fortunate artist to exclaim, "That is like putting a thousand pounds into my pocket!"

It is recorded that John Leech first saw her whom he made his wife (Miss Anne Eaton) when walking in London; he followed her home, noted the number of the house, looked out the name, obtained an introduction, and (in due course) married the lady. Mrs. Leech was one of those English beauties whom he loved to draw, and an excellent likeness of her may be found in some of the *Punch* drawings. He was a worshipper of female beauty, and Mr. Frith remembers watching with him the riders in Rotten Row, when, after some startlingly lovely creatures had passed them, he said, "Ah, my Frith, don't you wish you were a Turk, and able to marry all the lot?" He was a model of domestic virtues — the best of husbands and fathers, and a most dutiful and affectionate son; his tender anxiety for his wife and children was almost distressing at times to those about him. In general conversation he was a listener rather than a speaker, although he could talk admirably if he chose; but he preferred to watch for subjects which he hoped something in the conversation might suggest. His mental condition was deeply tinged with the sadness so common to men who possess great wit and humor. He sang well, having a deep bass voice, but his songs (when he could be persuaded to sing) were all of a melancholy character, his favorite being in praise of "King Death" and his "coal-black wine." In a

famous amateur company of actors formed by Dickens he was a conspicuous figure, although his heart was not in the work, nor did he display much capacity for acting.

His consideration for others was patent wherever he went. "Silent, gentle, forbearing, his indignation flashed forth an eloquence when roused by anything mean or ungenerous. Manly in all his thoughts, tastes, and habits, there was about him an almost feminine tenderness. He would sit by the bedside and smooth the pillow of a sick child with the gentleness of a woman. No wonder he was the idol of those around him, but it is the happiness of such a life that there is so little to be told of it."

In personal appearance Leech was very tall, being over six feet in height, with a slim, elegant figure, "and a grand head, on which nature had written 'gentleman' — with wonderful genius in his ample forehead; wonderful penetration, observation, humor in his blue-grey Irish eyes; and wonderful sweetness, sympathy, and mirth about his lips, which seemed to speak in silence." Such is Dean Hole's testimony; while Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell remembers him as "a decidedly handsome man; tall, square, and well built, and in manners delightfully genial and frank . . . and one of the most fascinating men it has ever been my good fortune to meet." Sir John Millais, whose graceful portrait of his old friend forms the frontispiece to Mr. Frith's biography, says: "He was one of the very best gentlemen I ever knew, with an astounding appreciation of everything sad or humorous. He was both manly and gentle, nervous and brave, and the most delightful companion that ever lived. I loved John Leech (and another who is also gone) better than any other friends I have known."

He had a very nervous temperament, and was extremely sensitive to noise of all kinds. Street noises especially troubled him, and it will be remembered that in some of his early *Punch* drawings he drew attention to the nuisance created by fishhawkers and similar pests at seaside places. Upon organ-grinders and other street musicians he was especially severe, for they were a serious and terrible trial to his highly strung nerves, and caused him absolute agony. As a proof of his abnormally nervous condition, it is related that on one occasion he had been invited to a friend's house in the country for a few days' hunting, and after a short night's rest he was awakened at an early hour by

a grating sound caused by the gardener rolling the gravel under his window; which had such an effect upon his nerves that he got up, packed his things, and was off to town before any of the family were aware of it!

Leech seemed fated to undergo mental torture of this description, and invariably found it difficult to escape therefrom. When residing in Brunswick Square he wrote to his friend Mr. H. O. Nethercote if he might visit him for a few days at his house in Northamptonshire, as he was "dying of 'Dixie's Land,'" then a distressingly popular air. He went, and the very first day after dinner, on taking an evening stroll round the garden, his ears were greeted with the hateful tune, the village band having just mastered it. "Ah, well!" he said to his friend with a delightful smile, "'Dixie's Land' in Brunswick Square and 'Dixie's Land' at Moulton Grange are two very different tunes; in the latter case a mile of atmosphere intervenes between it and me, and in the former I was in the very bowels of it."

Notwithstanding the device of double windows which he adopted, street noises became absolutely intolerable to him, and indeed were such a serious nuisance to the general public, that Mr. Bass, M.P., carried a bill through Parliament with the object of suppressing it—the bill passed both Houses and became law, but (as Mr. Frith truly observes) it still requires amendment before the author, musician, and artist can pursue his calling in peace. Unfortunately it came too late to benefit poor Leech. For some years he suffered from sleeplessness, and was induced to try change of air and scene on the Continent, and then, on his return, he was prevailed upon to visit the pleasing neighborhood of Whitby; but it was work, work, nearly all the time, chiefly, it appears, that he might make a very large sum of money for the benefit of his relatives, not of his own household.

Alas! these changes of scene and climate brought no strength to mind or body, and in addition to his former sufferings came such severe attacks of *angina pectoris* that he sometimes feared the end had come. On the 25th of October, 1864, Mr. Frith dined at a friend's house, where, besides Leech, the guests included several artists of repute. Mr. Frith sat next to Leech, and noticed that he was quieter than usual, and that there was a slight change in his voice, which seemed to have a far-away sound in it. He still

complained of the incessant noises in his neighborhood, which made work impossible to him except under agonizing conditions, and concluded the account of his grievances with a sentence ever to be remembered by his biographer: "Rather, Frith, than continue to be tormented in this way, I would prefer to go to the grave where there is no noise." Before that day week his desire was accomplished. This talented, gentle-hearted man passed away on the 29th of October, 1864, done to death by overwork in his anxiety for others—a death that is a sorrow to all English-speaking people.

F. G. KITTON.

From Belgavia.

#### A LOST CAUSE.

THE accidental finding of a long-forgotten relic, consisting of a piece of rotten wood, covered with what might have been black velvet, and studded with some gilt-headed nails, has suggested the subject for this paper.

The relic in question formed a portion of the coffin that once held the remains of that never-to-be-forgotten hero of Northumbrian story, the "unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater." James Ratcliffe, third Earl of Derwentwater, born in Arlington Street, London, on June 28th, 1689, very early became associated with the Stuart cause; for, besides the fact of his mother being a natural daughter of Charles II., he himself was taken to St. Germain in early childhood, and shared the school-room and the playground of the little son of the exiled king.

The two boys had more than the tie of blood between them. They formed for each other a close attachment, which through life was kept unbroken.

James was in his sixteenth year when he succeeded to the earldom; but not until he came of age, in 1710, did he return to his native land to see the broad acres that he was heir to.

The young earl is described at this period as delicate-looking, rather below the middle height, but finely formed; his countenance pleasing, his lips characteristic of great sweetness of disposition, his eyes grey, his hair light. It was said of him: "He is a man formed by nature to be beloved."

Dilston Castle, now a ruin, is situated about two and a half miles south-east of Hexham, Northumberland. It stands on



the summit of a steep and thickly wooded hill, above a rushing stream which there forms a grand and natural cascade; and as this estate found more favor in the eyes of its young owner than any other of his possessions, he at once set about making additions and improvements to it.

Two and a half years after his arrival in England he married a daughter of Sir John Webb of Canford, Dorsetshire; and, according to the marriage settlement, the bride's father was to provide both the residence and the table of the young couple for two years; therefore their first home was at Hatherthorpe, an estate of the Webb family, and there a son and heir was born.

In 1714 the earl first took his young wife to Dilston Castle, and the historian says:—

"The generous and splendid hospitality of his house was unequalled, and his door and purse continually open to every one, whether neighbor or stranger, without regard to their political or religious sentiments."

In fact his goodness to the poor passed into a proverb.

This period of the earl's life seems to have been as happy as ever falls to the lot of man. Alas, it was destined to be of brief duration.

Now, although George, elector of Hanover, had appeared to succeed peacefully to the throne of England, there were many of his subjects—especially among the Scottish nobles—ready to break into open rebellion. John Erskine, Earl of Mar, was one of these.

Mar had been secretary of state for Ireland during Queen Anne's reign, but was displaced by King George; out of revenge for this dismissal he embraced the Stuart cause. However skilled Mar may have been in state affairs, it is certain that in military tactics he proved himself lamentably deficient. On the 16th August, 1715, it was determined to attempt a general rising, and with somewhat premature haste James Stuart was proclaimed king by the title of James III.

During that month of August, Mar received, in one form or another, from abroad alone, £100,000. Had he been bold, rapid, and energetic, the cause might have had a chance of success, but everything was so mismanaged that the English government very speedily got all necessary intelligence, and numbers of persons implicated in the intended rebellion were at once arrested.

When the young Earl of Derwentwater

first heard that he was a marked man, he went to the nearest justice of the peace and asked of what he was accused, for he was in no way connected with the plot; and on his dying day he made solemn declaration that up to this time, and for some time afterwards, he not only took no part in the rebellion, but continually asserted that no such rising could succeed in England—he saw only madness in the idea.

But protestations were useless—he was under suspicion; the soldiers of the king were on his track; he had to fly from his home and seek concealment among the wild fastnesses of the Shaftoe Craggs. Of his adventures there and hair-breadth escapes many strange tales are told.

At length, anxious for an interview with his wife, the earl ventured to pay a secret visit to the castle.

Tradition and the ballads of the day assert that the countess taunted him with hiding while others were preparing to fight for their religion and their king. They say that, flinging down her fan at his feet, she told him to take it and give his sword to her.

However this may be, the visit to his home had one result: that very evening he visited Mr. Errington, of Beaufront, and others of his friends, and informed them of his intention to join the Stuart cause.

On the following morning, the 6th of October, at daybreak, there was a general mustering in the courtyard of the old Castle of Dilston, the neighboring gentlemen bringing as many of their dependants as they could muster and mount. All the carriage and farm horses were put into requisition, and the earl, who was accompanied by his brother Charles, was ready to mount his favorite "dapple grey" that has figured in so many ballads and romances of the day.

At the last moment the young countess, overcome by a terrible foreboding of ill, ran forward and, flinging her arms round her husband, entreated him to give up the expedition. But it was too late; his word and honor were pledged to the Jacobite cause, and after an agonizing farewell the party set out.

They rode to the waterfalls near Hexham, where, joining a little band of Northumbrians under the leadership of Mr. Forster, member for the county, a Jacobite but not a Catholic, they proceeded to Rothbury and Warkworth, their numbers there being augmented by about thirty men under Lord Widdrington.

Mr. Forster, in disguise, then proclaimed James III. king of these realms, with sound of trumpet and other formalities, and ordered the clergyman to pray for James as king. The clergyman declined, however, and set off for Newcastle, but a substitute was found in a Mr. Buxton, one of the prince's chaplains, who did all required of him.

Gathering gradually as they rode onward, the party now consisted of about three hundred men, all horse, for they would entertain no foot; otherwise their number would have been very large; but they gave the poorer people hopes of being soon able to furnish them with arms and ammunition.

Mr. Forster, being a Protestant, was, from policy, appointed general, and they went forward with the intention of surprising Newcastle, believing that they had many partisans within its walls; but news of their designs had preceded them; they found the gates closed, and such a strong show of defence that they turned westward to Hexham. Here Mr. Forster called a halt and collected arms and horses to mount volunteers, who flocked from all quarters.

On the 19th of October Mr. Forster left Hexham, and with his party, joining the Highlanders under Mackintosh, proceeded to Wooler and Kelso. By this time their numbers amounted to fourteen hundred men.

Lieutenant-general Carpenter had gone to the relief of Newcastle, but finding it so well defended he pressed on across the border. Lord Kenmure, hearing of his approach, called a council of war, and it was strongly urged that the Jacobites should join the clans in the west of Scotland, but the Northumbrians opposed this opinion. There were many dissentients in the camp. At Hawick the Highlanders mutinied and refused to enter England, saying if they were to be sacrificed it should be in their own country. There was an intention to attack Dumfries, which was in a very defenceless state; but here again there was a difference of opinion, and the Northumberland gentlemen insisted on marching into Lancashire, where they affirmed twenty thousand men were only waiting to join them. At this some five hundred Highlanders retired into their mountains in disgust; the rest with great difficulty were kept together.

On November 1st General Forster and his forces, now seventeen hundred strong, entered Penrith, in Cumberland. Here again James III. was proclaimed, and they

had a few successes; but as they passed through Westmoreland they found that already several leading Catholics had been arrested, and the further they advanced the more dashed became the hopes with which sanguine friends had inspired them.

On approaching Lancaster, their prospects brightened; volunteers came flocking to them from all parts, and the imposing manner in which they entered the town is thus described:—

"Two hundred of the English noblemen and gentlemen with their followers on horseback came first; these were followed by the Highland infantry attired in their showy and picturesque costume; these again by two hundred of the Lowland-Scottish, and these again by the body of Scottish horse. How little did their bright show of banners flying and the stirring strains of their martial music tell of the dismal shadow that was soon to descend upon them all."

Late on the night of November 9th they entered Preston; the forces under General Forster now numbered thirty-two hundred men, and a regiment of militia and Stanhope's regiment of dragoons fled at their approach. It was proposed to seize Warrington Bridge and thus open a way to Manchester and Liverpool; "but this project," says Mackenzie, "like all others that had a show of prudence, was delayed until their destruction was completed."

The same historian continues: "On the 12th General Forster gave orders for his army to march, but was soon informed that General Willis, with four regiments of dragoons and one of foot, were in sight. Depending on the promise of the Lancashire gentlemen for timely intelligence, he was greatly surprised at the appearance of the royal army; but, after reconnoitring, he returned to the town to prepare for their reception. His men were not dispirited, but cheerfully commenced the preparations for their defence. They barricaded the avenues, and posted their men in the streets and by-lanes and such houses as were most proper for galling their enemies. General Forster formed four main barriers; the first a little below the church, commanded by Brigadier Mackintosh, and supported by the Earls of Derwentwater, Winton, and Nithsdale; the Lord Kenmure and the gentlemen volunteers in the churchyard. The second was situated at the end of a lane leading to the fields, and commanded by Lord Charles Murray. The third was near a windmill, and commanded by the Laird of

Mackintosh; and the fourth was in the street leading to Liverpool, commanded by Major Millar and Mr. Douglas. They threw up entrenchments in an instant, and did all in their power to make a stout resistance, but were guilty of one capital error; for General Forster recalled one hundred men from a narrow and difficult pass that terminated by a bridge, and which might have been easily defended against a great force."

General Willis cautiously reconnoitring, and surprised to find the pass abandoned, decided on attacking the four barriers simultaneously, but at every one his troops were repulsed with great slaughter.

Notwithstanding this success, however, the courage of General Forster's little army began to fail, when next morning (Sunday) it was known that General Carpenter had arrived with his three regiments of dragoons.

The plucky Highlanders proposed to sally out and die like men, sword in hand, but this was overruled. General Forster then, acting independently, and unknown to all, sent a messenger to General Willis offering to capitulate. The reply was that if they would submit at discretion Carpenter would protect them from his soldiery. Bitterly indignant were the besieged when this was known, and had General Forster appeared among them there would have been little chance of his escaping their vengeance. To quote an old ballad:—

Lord Derwentwater to Forster said,  
"Thou hast ruined the cause and all betrayed;  
For thou did'st swear to stand our friend,  
But hast turned traitor in the end."

On General Willis demanding hostages while the besieged party made up their minds, Lord Derwentwater offered himself as one and Colonel Mackintosh was the other. Next morning, by seven o'clock, the king's troops entered the town; the surrounding army assembled in the market-place and delivered up their arms as prisoners. The number of English taken was 463, including 79 noblemen and gentlemen, mostly Northumbrians; the Scots amounted to 1,005, among whom were 143 noblemen, officers, and gentlemen.

The half-pay officers among the prisoners were immediately shot, but the Earl of Derwentwater and his companions were detained in Preston until the beginning of December, and then, under a strong escort of Darnley's regiment, were despatched on horseback to London.

The weary and dismal cavalcade reached London on December the 9th, and prepar-

atory to their entering the capital the arms of every captive were pinioned and his horse led by a foot soldier with fixed bayonet. Lord Derwentwater and other prisoners of consequence were lodged in the Tower; his brother Charles, General Forster, and about seventy more were taken to Newgate; seventy-two being placed in the Fleet Prison, about sixty others in the Marshalsea.

By what means news of her husband's fate reached Lady Derwentwater is not stated, but very soon she was sharing his captivity.

On January 16th, 1716, the prisoners who had been lodged in the Tower were taken before the House of Peers to answer to the articles of their impeachment. All, with the exception of Lord Widdrington, pleaded guilty. Lord Derwentwater urged in extenuation of his offence that he "had not engaged in the enterprise on any previous concert or contrivance; but that being young and inexperienced, he had rashly and without premeditation engaged himself to meet his relatives and acquaintances."

Parliament expelled Mr. Forster, who was member for Northumberland; and on the 9th of February, the earl received sentence from Lord Chancellor Cowper.

Great solicitations were made with the court and with members of both Houses of Parliament in his behalf. The countess left no means untried to obtain her husband's pardon. She, with her sister and other ladies, were admitted to the king's bedchamber, where the unhappy woman fell on her knees and implored the royal clemency, but in vain. She went to the lobby of the House of Lords to beg their intercession, but her petition was disregarded. She attended Westminster, but there the Duke of Richmond, a near relation of the earl's, though prevailed upon to present her petition, voted against it. The House, however, it was said, leaned to mercy; but finally agreed to leave the matter to the king, who did not think proper to reprieve or pardon the young earl; and those who spoke in favor of him, urging youth and inexperience as his excuse, only drew upon themselves the royal displeasure.

On the 23rd of February orders were despatched for executing the Earls of Derwentwater and Nithsdale and Lord Kenmure on Tower Hill the next morning. How Lady Nithsdale managed to save her husband by bringing him a suit of feminine apparel forms one of the most romantic episodes in history. Sir Robert

Walpole was offered £16,000 if he could save the Earl of Derwentwater's life, but the fact of the unfortunate earl's relationship to the house of Stuart, and his acquaintance with Prince Charles, militated against every effort that was made on his behalf.

At daybreak on the 24th of February three detachments of the Guards took up their position round the scaffold erected on Tower Hill; and a little before ten o'clock the two condemned men were conveyed in a hackney coach from the Tower to the transport office on Tower Hill, where a room hung with black awaited their reception.

The Earl of Derwentwater was the first to be led to the scaffold. He wore a suit of black velvet, a broad-brimmed beaver hat, turned up on one side, with a drooping feather, long black worsted stockings, shoes with high heels and silver buckles. In accordance with the fashion of the day, the curls of a light flaxen wig fell upon his shoulders.

As he ascended the steps he was observed to turn very pale, but quickly recovering knelt for a short time in prayer, then asked permission to read a paper which he had prepared, and this was readily accorded to him. For the second time he was offered his life on condition that he should conform to the Established Church and swear allegiance to the house of Hanover. But his answer was: "These terms would be too dear a purchase."

After the usual formalities had been gone through of forgiving his enemies, he whispered to the chaplain to beg the countess to be in no concern about his burial, for he did not care what they did with his corpse. Finding a rough place on the block that might hurt his neck, he bade the executioner make it smooth, and a few seconds later, as the head of the luckless young earl rolled on the scaffold, it was picked up by a faithful servant of the family, folded in a handkerchief, and conveyed away.

Lord Derwentwater's last requests in the Tower had been that his body might be interred at Dilston among his ancestors, but the government refused it, fearing another rising in the North.

The body, wrapped in a black cloth, was taken in a hired coach to the Tower, where it would have been buried if the earl's friends had not, by stratagem and a mock funeral, obtained possession of it. The following morning, by three o'clock, it was conveyed in a hearse to the surgery

of a Mr. Medcalf, in Brownlow Street, where the head had also been taken, and both were embalmed. The outer cover of the coffin was of crimson velvet, studded with gilt nails, bearing a gilt plate inscribed:—

THE RIGHT HONORABLE JAMES,

Late Earl of Derwentwater.

Died, February 24th, 1715-6, aged 27 years.

For some time the remains rested in a private chapel at Dagenham Park, near Romford, where the countess was then residing, and the manner of their removal is one of the current traditions of the North.

The carriage containing the body of his beloved master was driven by the faithful servant, Dun, who had rescued the head, and accompanied by the widowed countess, the mournful *cortège* travelled by night and rested by day, so as to escape observation, until it reached Dilston Chapel, where the remains were laid in the vault of the Ratcliffes.

The earl's death was followed by the ruin of one of the most flourishing families in the north of England; the splendid estates were forfeited, and an act was passed transferring them to the use of the Greenwich Hospital.

The countess survived her lord just seven years, dying at the age of thirty. Her son lived only nineteen years; her daughter married the eighth Lord Petre, and left a son and three daughters.

In October, 1874, the remains of Lord Derwentwater were removed to Thoreden, in Essex, to be re-interred in the family vault of Lord Petre.

On examining the coffin it was found exactly as described: the inscription plate, which had been very thin, was much corroded and illegible; the velvet, once crimson, had the appearance of black, and had become quite rotten; but the nails, after being in the damp vault one hundred and fifty-eight years, were fine specimens of gilding.

The bones were placed in a new coffin, the original one, which was of elm-wood and much decayed, being ordered to be burnt. But the person in charge managed to evade this order; the old coffin was cut up and the pieces distributed among the people in the neighborhood.

Numberless superstitions still linger in these romantic parts of Northumberland concerning the popular young earl's death, and some of them will bear recording here.

Though none mention the return of Lord Derwentwater's ghost to earth, not a few relate how the spirit-form of the countess has often been seen wandering near the ruins of the ancient castle, or in the adjoining woods, in search of her husband; or standing, holding the lamp from the tower, where she used to wait and watch for his return.

Concerning the earl himself, it is gravely stated that on the day of his execution, the romantic stream which winds and rushes about his ancestral home, became the color of blood; while the Aurora Borealis, of which there was on the same date a magnificent display, is known by the name of "Lord Derwentwater's Lights" unto this day.

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From Chambers' Journal.

#### ST. OLAF'S DAY IN THE FAROES.

ST OLAF'S day, the 29th of July, is a very great day indeed in Thorshavn, the capital of the Faroes. That very remote little town, of about twelve hundred inhabitants, cannot be said at any time to be remarkable for its liveliness; but such diversion as it can offer to the stranger seems all compressed into the sixteen or eighteen hours of daylight on this most festive of anniversaries.

It is a day of responsibility for the governor of the islands, who ordinarily has little enough to do, and whose somewhat frigid drawing-room does not receive many visitors of the diplomatic or aught other kind. He has to represent his Majesty King Christian, and, with a certain amount of state, open the Lagthing, or local House of Parliament. He has also, in the evening, to preside at the traditional banquet, over the claret of which the esteemed members of the Lagthing become almost indecorously noisy as the speeches proceed and the number of empty bottles increases. Nor does this end the day. For after the procession to church, the opening of Parliament, the afternoon receptions, and the evening feast, there is further a famous dance in one of the Thorshavn rooms, and the populace will think it kind of him if he will squeeze into their midst and perspire with them for a few minutes. This last is the worst ordeal of all. But even in humdrum Faroe it is well for the representative of royalty to be as democratic as his temperament will permit. Here are no cables with the mainland to keep the Faroese posted in

the movements of the Reds and the labor struggles. For all that, the islanders are sufficiently intelligent to know that the days of Harold the Fairhaired are long past, and that every man is nearly as good as every other man.

Almost from daybreak the little harbor of Thorshavn (Thor's port) assumes gala dress on this great festival. The gunboat which may chance to have called at the Faroes on its way from Greenland to Copenhagen is gay with bunting, and fires a gun periodically. The two or three Norwegian barques here for codfish, and the green-hulled Spanish ship in the North seas for the same purpose, pay the like tribute of bunting to the saint of the day; and anon send their men ashore to drink cheap wines and smoke cheap cigars with the rest of the world. But these are trivial manifestations compared with the excitement of the arrival of one boatload of people after another from the other islands. It is no joke facing the currents and squalls of the Faroe seas; but the Faroese are not to be deterred from their annual revel by any terrors of this kind. They come in their best clothes, with clean red-and-black mob caps on their heads—blue-and-black if they are in mourning—and attended by a swarm of their blue-eyed, flaxen-haired female relatives of all ages. And they are greeted in Thorshavn by their kindred with the utmost warmth; and all day long they are free to eat cake, drink wine, and smoke cigars in honor of the saint, King Christian, and the blood-ties that make hospitality a duty as well as a pleasurable privilege.

Every one who can attends church in the morning, and listens with interest to the patriotic oration which it behoves the dean of the Isles to deliver from the pulpit. His Excellency the governor, with cocked-hat and gold lace and sword, sits by the altar, and bows a great many times during the service; and afterwards he shakes hands with the dean, and having—as it seems—whispered word of the evening banquet, at which the ecclesiastic must by no means forget to be present, he marches down the aisle, followed by the sheriff, the sysselmén, and the other principal members of this island community of about eleven thousand individuals. The organ peals, the little pigtailed damsels from outlying islets stare wonderingly, and the more irreverent of the Thorshavn boys follow the great folks until they have dispersed each one to his own house, to recruit and prepare for the parliamentary ordeal to ensue in an hour or two.



This second stage in the day's proceedings is quite diverting. Among the thirty or forty members of Parliament present, some are sure to be new, not only to senatorial work, but perhaps also even to such metropolitan magnificence as little Thorshavn can offer them. They are stiff, big-boned fellows, and they have not changed their usual homespun serge for anything like a black coat. They are embarrassed by their hands and feet; and much embarrassed by the gaze of their more veteran comrades, some of whom are not above being cynical in a mild way at their expense. They even seem to envy the usher—in untanned cowskin moccasins—who directs them into their places with so fine an air of easy authority. One knows as well as if their minds were laid bare to the world, that they are longing to be back in their snug little farms, among the hay and the litter of codfish heads which tell so eloquently of the fine catch of yesterday in the fiord hard by.

Parliament House itself is not, however, a building that ought to appal them. They probably have barns at home quite as large, if less lofty, and provided with fewer windows. It is only some fifteen paces in length by about five in width; and for furniture it contains nothing more striking than a tall old clock, a bust of the king, and a horseshoe table neatly set out with inkpots, pens, blotting-paper, and reports of the work of the previous session. They themselves give animation to the room; and so do the two or three dozen members of the commonalty who take places in the gallery allotted for the public.

On this the opening day no routine work has to be done, unless the methodical hand-shaking with the governor and the "Hip! hip!" of patriotic joy at mention of King Christian's name may be so regarded. Still the session lasts some little time. Papers have to be signed—a lengthy business for some of the members, who are evidently not at home with their pens. Senatorial gossip warms their hearts, and sets the more modest of them somewhat at their ease. One does not doubt their chatter is of no exalted kind. It is talk about oxen and crops and codfish catches. No matter. The bust of the king dignifies it; and so, when the sitting is dissolved, every one moves cheerfully, as if possessed by the pleasing consciousness that he has done his duty, both as a citizen and a member of the Lagthing.

Once again on the edge of the moor—purple with heath—it is well to return to

the town and see how the honest Faroese are enjoying themselves. A few of them are perhaps by this time a little tipsy, even thus early in the day. But Thorshavn is a free port; wines and spirits are so cheap, and St. Olaf's feast is such an important one, that the islanders cannot altogether restrain themselves. The calls of hospitality, too, are distinctly onerous. The man from Kalsoe—that rugged northern isle—has a score of friends in the capital. He sees them perhaps twice a year, perhaps only on the 29th of July. Shall he chill their affection for him by refusing to drink with them? He cannot be so churlish; and it is these constant "skalds" that make him a little hilarious ere two o'clock. His wife, good soul, laughs joyously at his predicament. She would think less well of him if he carried a demure, chilling face with him wherever he made his calls. Such are the simple habits of the Faroese.

For centuries it has been the custom in Faroe thus to make the most of St. Olaf's day. An old island writer reminds us of it: "When the Thing (or Lagthing) business was over, the evening was given up to recreation or familiar intercourse; the bards stood forth and sang ballads about the chief events of long-distant and recent times. Men who seldom met now disclosed their minds to each other. Buying and selling were stopped, and gave place to other engagements. The young men on this occasion made acquaintance with the maidens who attended their fathers or near relatives, and many a one journeyed to the Thing to get a bride, or returned therefrom as a bridegroom."

It is interesting in the light of this reading to mark the processions of girls and youths on the rugged little roads which stretch for a mile or so outside the town. They are exceedingly vivacious, and the blue eyes of the chubby damsels sparkle with latent or evident coquettishness. The lads follow with less alacrity. They have not studied courtship as a fine art. They are rather perplexed, indeed, between the sense that as suitors they are not playing the part that best becomes them, and that sweet instinct of yearning which will not allow them to turn their backs upon the girls and betake themselves to some more active and manly form of exercise. Thus they are led up and down among the basalt blocks and heather of the suburbs, and perhaps as far as the great waterfall at the foot of the mountains where they rise towards the ancient ecclesiastical settlement of

Kirkebo. They resolve to atone for this little dalliance later in the evening, when the great ball opens.

Of the parliamentary banquet towards eight o'clock much of a serio-comic kind might be written. It takes place in the room under the Senate Chamber. Great is the concourse of candles and dishes and bottles; and while the members, with the few privileged guests, stand talking together outside in the cool air, they see the pasties and cakes and things carried past them from the town into the banquet-room. It is essentially a speech-dinner. The governor proposes "the king" almost as soon as the first pie is passed round; and no time is lost in following up one toast with another. This circulates the claret rapidly. Sandwiches of ham and beef and cheese follow the pie; then buttered biscuits and sweet cakes. These last are a feature of the repast. They stand about the tables tall and ornate with sugary decorative work, like so many bridecakes. Nor can it be denied that they taste very good—although the hypercritical stranger may be oppressed with grim fancies that whale oil is one of their constituent parts instead of butter. Indeed, they prove so attractive to the banqueters that the temptation to pocket sections of them is irresistible to more than one member of Parliament, who doubtless wishes to share his pleasure with those little round-faced effigies of himself which consecrate his farm a score or so of miles away. But the governor condones this larceny, even as he condones the condition of certain other members long ere the feast is ended. He may not think much of the civilization of the Faroes. Yet he knows that Denmark has relatively few colonies, and that in his application for removal from this little archipelago he may, for aught he can tell, be sentencing himself to Greenland or Iceland, both even more distant from Copenhagen than the bleak stone residence above the Bay of Thorshavn. St. Olaf's day, like Christmas, comes but once a year; some license may therefore be permitted to accompany it.

Throughout the feast there is a constant ripple of speeches. One gentleman after another rises to say something, to flourish his wineglass, nod enthusiastically to his particular friends, and finally collapse upon his chair, exhausted by the oratorical strain, or pulled thither by his neighbors, who conceive that he has said as much as becomes him. For the Church, of course the prost or dean responds. He is one of

the handsomest men in Faroe, with a demeanor almost regal; and exceedingly well suited to him is the white neck frill of office, which recalls the Elizabethan ruffs in England. Law and medicine, too, each have to be answered for. The doctor probably makes a jest about "la grippe," which in one form or another—notably as the Kruim, or epidemic of colds, which seems a characteristic of spring and the arrival of strangers here, as in St. Kilda—often afflicts little Faroe, though it does not seem to be a very fatal scourge. As for the law, it cannot be said to flourish in the archipelago. An island community of this kind, where most people are cousins to each other, and the tenures of property are of a simple nature, is a bad field for litigation. Still, for the sake of effect, there are two or three advocates in the isles, though they no doubt sigh for the animation and clients of Copenhagen with all their heart.

If a stranger be present, his own health will in all probability be drunk, and he may be toasted in French. Of the assembled members of Parliament naturally not one in ten understands anything of the language of Molière. It is an accomplishment that pertains to those only who have lived their student days in the Danish capital. Nor do they claim to be very expert in it. There is not much intercourse with France up here. The claret and cognac in the Thorshavn stores do not necessarily come direct from Bordeaux in French bottoms. Only once in a way a war-ship flying the tricolor looks in at Thorshavn after a spell off the Iceland fishing-banks, where she has been dallying for a number of weeks to protect the interests of the French fishers for cod.

At length, however, there is a general rise from table; and the Scandinavian tournament of hand-shaking begins. This is a most laborious affair for a man unused to the exercise. It behoves a person to touch palm with every one present, after which only is he free to go his way with a clear conscience. As some of the guests are by this time "merry," it is a lengthy business to part from them. Their friends do their best to enable them to make a pretence of dignity during the last few minutes of the official day; but one wonders how they will be got home through the darkness outside and up and down the miry rough alleys which are Thorshavn's apologies for streets.

From the banquet-room to the ballroom is a very proper transition for the more enterprising of the feasters. The room is

hired by subscription. It is not waxed, nor is it decorated with aught except oil lamps. One steers for it by the heavy sound of many feet on the boards. At the entrance the Thorshavn children stand in a crowd, gazing with admiration at the shadowy procession of men and maids at the upper windows. They are not old enough to be admitted. We others, however, are able to please ourselves; and so, with considerable effort, we squeeze into the midst of the mass of hot Faroe folk, whose faces are streaming with perspiration. There is not much to learn in a Faroe national dance. We do no wrong, therefore, to the symmetry of the dance by joining hands in one of the circles which exist as best they can in so close a compass. The fiddle squeaks, and from men and maids goes forth a low song, while their feet begin to move. The circle tries to rotate. It does not succeed very well, but still the song continues. The words of the song are old Faroese — a language that has no grammar, and which rarely gets printed. "Love-nonsense" of course is the foundation upon which they are built. And in the pressure of hands during this solemn pretence of a dance, and in the tender glances between one red face and another, one discerns more love-nonsense.

Adjacent to this big room, in which the fishermen and girls find their pleasure, is another smaller one, where the daughters of the officials and others dance politer dances with the students of law, medicine, and theology home for the holidays, and with the sons of the more considerable townspeople. The fun here is of a milder kind. But here, as well as in the big room, the sport lasts for hours after the members of Parliament have been led to their beds by their devoted wives. Indeed, St. Olaf's day is past and over ere the dance in honor of it is at an end.

It was in the year 1024 that Olaf the Holy was acknowledged king in Faroe. Every 29th of July ought to recall to Faroese minds this sacrifice of the island independence nearly nine centuries ago. As a matter of fact, the day is one of mere enjoyment, quite unattended with patriotic pangs of any kind.

From Nature.

#### THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF COLUMBUS.

DURING the present year great celebrations will take place in Spain, Italy, and America, in memory of Columbus and

his first adventurous voyage of 1492. Although no public commemoration is arranged for in this country, the Royal Geographical Society, fully conscious of the momentous nature of that first voyage, and of the enormous expansion of geographical science which has resulted from it, set apart last Monday evening for a special Columbus meeting. The usual exhibition of maps and pictures included a number of early charts of great beauty, and a fine photograph of a contemporary portrait of Columbus, recently made known by Mr. Markham. The paper of the evening, read by Mr. Clements Markham, C.B., F.R.S., was occupied with an account of recent discoveries with regard to Columbus, and the correction of many erroneous ideas, widely entertained until now. As a critical summary of perhaps one of the most difficult branches of research — that into the actual life of a popular hero enshrouded with centuries of tradition — this paper is of great value. An abstract of it, and of the appendices on other fifteenth-century explorers, is given below.

Much new light has been thrown upon the birth and early life of Columbus of late years by the careful examination of monastic and notarial records at Genoa and Savona.

There is no doubt as to the birthplace of Columbus. His father was a wool-weaver of Genoa, whose house was in the Vico Dritto di Ponticelli, which leads from the gate of San Andrea to the church of S. Stefano. It was battered down during the bombardment of Genoa in the time of Louis XIV., was rebuilt with two additional stories, and is now the property of the city of Genoa.

Here Columbus was born, the date of his birth being fixed by three statements of his own, and by a justifiable inference from the notarial records. He said that he went to sea at the age of fourteen, and that when he came to Spain in 1485 he had led a sailor's life for twenty-three years. He was, therefore, born in 1447. The authorities who assign 1436 as the year of his birth rely exclusively on the guess of a Spanish priest, Dr. Bernaldez, Cura of Palacios, who made the great discoverer's acquaintance towards the end of his career.

The notarial records, combined with incidental statements of Columbus himself, also tell us that he was brought up, with his brothers and sister, in the Vico Dritto at Genoa; that he worked at his father's trade and became a "lanerio," or wool-weaver; that he moved with his

father and mother to Savona in 1472; and that the last document connecting Cristoforo Colombo with Italy is dated on August 7, 1473. But in spite of his regular business as a weaver, he first went to sea in 1461, at the age of fourteen, and he continued to make frequent voyages in the Mediterranean and the Archipelago—certainly as far as Chios.

When Columbus submitted his proposition for an Atlantic voyage to the Spanish sovereigns, they referred it to a committee, presided over by Father Talavera, which sat at Cordova, and condemned it as impracticable. It is generally supposed that the proposals of the Genoese were subsequently submitted to an assembly of learned persons at the University of Salamanca, and again condemned. The truth was quite different. Columbus was gifted with a charming manner, simple eloquence, and great powers of clear exposition. It was an intellectual treat to hear him recount his experiences, and the arguments for his scheme. Among those who first took an interest in his conversation, and then became a sincere and zealous friend, was the prior of the great Dominican Convent of San Estevan, and professor of theology at Salamanca, who shrewdly foresaw that the most effectual way of befriending Columbus would be by affording ample opportunities of discussing the questions he raised. For this object there could be no better place than the University of Salamanca, where numerous learned persons were assembled, and where the court was to pass the winter. The good prior lodged his guest in a country farm belonging to the Dominicans, called Valcuevo, a few miles outside Salamanca. Hither the Dominican monks came to converse on the great deductions he had drawn from the study of scientific books, and from his vast experience, discussing the reconciliation of his views with orthodox theology. Later, in the winter, Columbus came into the city and held conferences with men of learning, at which numerous courtiers were present. These assemblages for discussion—sometimes in the quiet shades of Valcuevo, sometimes in the great hall of the convent—excited much interest among the students and at court. The result was, that the illustrious Genoese secured many powerful friends at court, who turned the scale in his favor when the crucial time arrived. Such is the slight basis on which the story of the official decision of the Salamanca University against Columbus rests.

Captain Duro, of the Spanish navy, has investigated all questions relating to the ships of the Columbian period and their equipment with great care; and the learning he has brought to bear on the subject has produced very interesting results. The two small caravels provided for the voyage of Columbus by the town of Palos were only partially decked. The *Pinta* was strongly built, and was originally lateen-rigged on all three masts, and she was the fastest sailer in the expedition; but she was only fifty tons burden, with a complement of eighteen men. The *Niña*, so called after the Niño family of Palos, who owned her, was still smaller, being only forty tons. The third vessel was much larger, and did not belong to Palos. She was called a "nao," or ship and was of about one hundred tons burden, completely decked, with a high poop and fore-castle. Her length has been variously estimated. Two of her masts had square sails, the mizen being lateen-rigged. The crew of the ship *Santa Maria* numbered fifty-two men all told, including the admiral.

Friday, August 3, 1492, when the three little vessels sailed over the bar of Saltes, was a memorable day in the world's history. It had been prepared for by many years of study and labor, by long years of disappointment and anxiety, rewarded at length by success. The proof was to be made at last. To the incidents of that famous voyage nothing can be added. But we may at least settle the long disputed question of the landfall of Columbus. It is certainly an important one, but it is by no means a case for the learning and erudition of Navarretes, Humboldts, and Varnhagens. It is a sailor's question. If the materials from the journal were placed in the hands of any midshipman in her Majesty's navy, he would put his finger on the true landfall within half an hour. When sailors such as Admiral Becher, of the Hydrographic Office, and Lieutenant Murdoch, of the United States Navy, took the matter in hand, they did so. Our lamented associate, Mr. R. H. Major, read a paper on this interesting subject on May 8, 1871, in which he proved conclusively by two lines of argument that Watling Island was the Guanahani or San Salvador of Columbus.

The spot where Columbus first landed in the New World is the eastern end of the south side of Watling Island. This has been established by the arguments of Major, and by the calculations of Murdoch, beyond all controversy. The evidence is

overwhelming. Watling Island answers to every requirement and every test, whether based on the admiral's description of the island itself, on the courses and distances thence to Cuba, or on the evidence of early maps. We have thus reached a final and satisfactory conclusion, and we can look back on that momentous event in the world's history with the certainty that we know the exact spot on which it occurred — on which Columbus touched the land when he sprang from his boat with the standard waving over his head.

The discoveries of Columbus, during his first voyage, as recorded in his journal, included part of the north coast of Cuba, and the whole of the north coast of Española. The journal shows the care with which the navigation was conducted, how observations for latitude were taken, how the coasts were laid down — every promontory and bay receiving a name — and with what diligence each new feature of the land and its inhabitants was examined and recorded. The genius of Columbus would not have been of the same service to mankind if it had not been combined with great capacity for taking trouble, and with habits of order and accuracy.

Columbus regularly observed for latitude with Martin Behaim's astrolabe or the earlier quadrant, when the weather rendered it possible, and he occasionally attempted to find the longitudes by observing eclipses of the moon with the aid of tables calculated by old Regiomontanus, whose declination tables also enabled the admiral to work out his meridian altitudes. But the explorer's main reliance was on the skill and care with which he calculated his dead reckoning, watching every sign offered by sea and sky by day and night, allowing for currents, for leeway, for every cause that could affect the movement of his ship, noting with infinite pains the bearings and the variation of his compass, and constantly recording all phenomena on his card and in his journal. Columbus was the true father of what we call proper pilotage.

On his return his spirit of investigation led him to try the possibility of making a passage in the teeth of the trade wind. It was a long voyage, and his people were reduced to the last extremity, even threatening to eat the Indians who were on board. One night, to the surprise of all the company, the admiral gave the order to shorten sail. Next morning at dawn, Cape St. Vincent was in sight. This is a most remarkable proof of the care with

which his reckoning must have been kept, and of his consummate skill as a navigator.

In criticising the Cantino map showing Cortoreal's coast-lines, Mr. Markham showed that absurd mistakes had been made, not by the voyager or his pilots, but by the cartographer, and subsequent commentators. Vespucci's description of his "first voyage" in 1497, was subjected to very thorough criticism, and shown, in spite of the arguments of authors who have tried to support the veracity of that ingenious romancer, to have been a pure fabrication. Little or no credit could be given to Vespucci in any case, as he was forty-eight years old on first going to sea, and in those days apprenticeship from boyhood was indispensable for a knowledge of seamanship.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### THE EXTERMINATION OF SPECIES.

THE extermination of species is a subject which has great and growing interest for many people. It concerns British landlords, and the farmers who have been fighting with hard times, even more than zoologists, and sportsmen, and amateurs of the picturesque in nature. The wild places of the earth have been losing sadly in romance of late. Look at North America. No doubt the buffaloes, or rather the bison, were inevitably doomed when civilization began to stretch across the continent. But the destruction of those countless herds that used to range from the Saskatchewan to the Rio del Norte, destroying everything in their course, like the lemmings or the locusts, was something wholly unexpected. The bull bison, like the war-horse of Job, seemed the very image of strength and ferocity; and the red men, with their lances and puny bows, though they did fill the larders of their lodges with the jerked meat, scarcely troubled the droves more than the mosquitoes or the sandflies. Yet, thanks to firearms and the prices of buffalo-robbs in the American markets, the only traces that are left of the buffalo now are the bones and skulls that still whiten the prairies, and the remains of their "wallows" and favorite fording places.

Many of the small fur-bearing animals are going the same way, or are being driven back to the inhospitable regions, where the hardy pine-trees are dwarfed by the Arctic cold; and the once famous



Fur Company of Hudson Bay is reduced to eking out its dividends by land sales. The seals, as Nansen told us in his recent volumes, which used to swarm on the almost inaccessible coasts of East Greenland are leaving the Arctic ice-floes for the inland ice, and thither they are already being followed up in specially constructed steamers. Should the seals be ever thinned down towards the vanishing point, the Polar bears, to say nothing of the roving Esquimaux, will necessarily be starved out of existence. One sub-Arctic resident has disappeared already, in the shape of the great auk; the last of the race is supposed to have been seen off Iceland about the beginning of the century; and zoölogists pay a questionable tribute to the memory of the mighty departed by offering fabulous prices for even a cracked eggshell.

The changes in Africa have been even more general since tourists, commercial adventurers, and enthusiastic explorers have taken to traversing it in all directions. The dominions of the truculent potentate Moselekatse, where Cornwallis Harris found a perfect paradise of sport, are now given over to the gold-seekers of the Transvaal, and the quiet pools in the limpid streams of the Limpopo, where the "mighty hippopotamus wallowed at will," are troubled now by the rocking of the gold-cradles. The elephant, who is as shy and modest as he is bulky, has been driven northward beyond the Zambesi, mile by mile, before the deadly inroads of professional hunters, till he is headed back by the Portuguese and the Arabs from Mo-

zambique and Zanzibar, or gets entangled among the missionary settlements on the Shiré and the Lake Nyassa. His *confrères* on the Upper Nile and its Abyssinian tributaries have fared little better; and were Sir Samuel Baker to revisit his old forest-lodge on the precipitous banks of the Atbara, he could no longer enjoy from the windows of his morning-room the delectable spectacle of the daily parade of stately tuskers and graceful camelopards. The greed of the ivory dealers and ivory hunters has been killing the geese that laid the golden eggs, and we shall soon have to put up with vegetable substitutes for the handles of dinner-knives and the backs of our hair-brushes. Talking of Sir Samuel Baker, we may turn to Ceylon. When he wrote "The Rifle and the Hound," nearly forty years ago, the island, as he says, and especially in the malarious and sandy south-eastern districts, positively swarmed with big game. The great tanks in the lonely forests of the interior were infested by solitary rogue elephants, who were the terror of the unfortunate villagers. The buffaloes ranged about in herds by the hundred; the number of the elks and the spotted deer was legion. Though he had seldom scruples as to holding his sanguinary hand, he was often disgusted and satiated with slaughter. He thought little of knocking over half-a-dozen elephants of a morning, with two or three savage buffaloes thrown in; and, although he had a train of some fifty coolies and servants in his camp, the spare venison turned bad in that burning climate before it could be cut up to be sun-dried.

**Jews AND THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.** — A question has been asked in the *Jewish Chronicle* concerning the subject of Sabbath observance in relation to the use of the electric light, and Professor Crookes, the well-known electrician, has replied: "It is a rule of the Jewish religion that, on the Sabbath day, no fire may be kindled. The observant Jews obey this law very strictly, and abstain from any act which directly or indirectly can cause the production of fire or the consumption of anything by fire. The following acts, for instance, are abstained from: Touching fire, lighting or extinguishing fires; striking matches or smoking; lighting or extinguishing gas lamps, oil lamps, or candles; moving or turning up or down gas lamps, oil lamps, or candles when alight; putting anything into the fire or taking anything out." The question was, "Would a man be transgressing these

rules of conduct by switching off or on electric glow lamps?" Professor Crookes replies: "The words 'fire' and 'flame' have in all ages and countries been associated with the idea of what we now term 'combustion.' That is, the rapid union of the atmospheric oxygen with combustible material, which, in the majority of cases, would be compounds of carbon and hydrogen. The carbon burns to carbonic acid and the hydrogen to water, both going off into the atmosphere in an invisible form. Historical research shows that the 'sacredness' of fire and flame in the old Eastern religions was intimately connected with combustion, and consequent purification. All the instances of acts to be abstained from given above involve combustion and flame. The modern glow lamp has no connection, direct or indirect, with 'fire,' 'flame,' or 'combustion.'"